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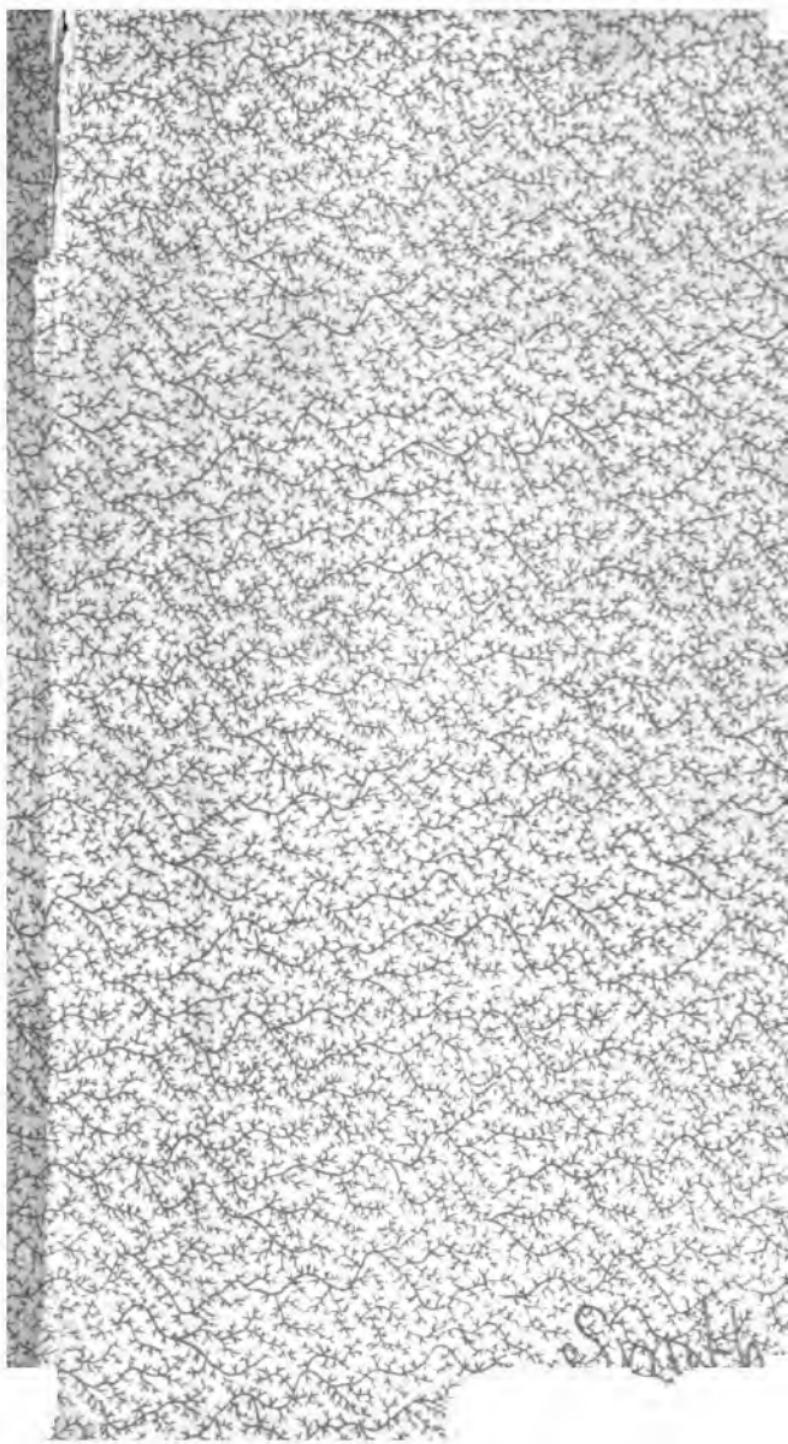
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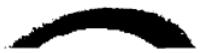
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DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS ;

FOR THE USE OF

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AND

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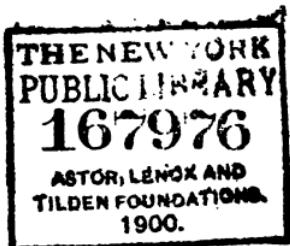
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TO WHICH ARE ADDED
THIRTY-TWO HYMNS.

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DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS, &c.

I. *A Song of Praise.*

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom, all his works express ;
But O ! his love what tongue can tell.
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sov'reign, merciful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me ;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me, tho' I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And since my soul has known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Whene'er my Saviour or my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Tho' many a flaming, fiery dart,
Attempt their level at my heart :
With this I all their rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 8 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride,
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to those bright worlds I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies ;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

II. *Christ the Appletree.*

1 THE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green ;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the Appletree.

2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the Appletree.

3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly have I bought ;
I mis'd of all, but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the Appletree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil—
Here I will sit and rest awhile,
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the Appletree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away ;
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ the Appletree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like spirit'al wine ;
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the Appletree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive ;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the Appletree.

III. *The Farewell.*

1 FAREWELL, my brethern, in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a Jubilee ;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds, and union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart ;

I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
 'Till we shall meet no more to part—
 'Till we shall meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
 'Tho' all so kind and dear to me ;
 My Jesus calls and I must go,
 To sound the gospel Jubilee—
 To sound the joys, and bear the news,
 To Gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people, one and all ;
 While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
 I'll pray to the eternal all,
 That your dear souls in Christ may live—
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
 To reign in bliss eternally !

5 Farewell to all below the sun ;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is strait my feet shall run ;
 And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heav'nly all ;
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only joy till death—Amen.

IV. *The Saviour's Merit.*

1 S AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my weary, troubled spirit,
 Now finds rest in thee, my God ;
 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie ;
 Sin nor satan cannot hurt me,
 While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory ;
 Sing his praises thro' the sky ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Father give,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises all that live.

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name,

That if any want his Spirit,
 He is still the very same :
 He that asketh soon receiveth, -
 He that seeks is sure to find ;
 Whoso'er on him believeth,
 He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glorious Christ of heavenly birth ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory ;
 Sing his praises thro' the earth :
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Spirit be,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the sacred One in Three.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
 With his Father and our God ;
 And for us is interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood.
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 " Father, save them—I have died ;"
 And the Father answers saying,
 " They are freely justified."

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood :
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7 Soon we hope to sing more sweetly,
 At the marriage of the Lamb,
 When his bride is dress'd completely,
 Fit to celebrate the same :
 O what shouts sha'l then be ringing,
 Round the throne of God most high,
 And what sweet, melod'ous singing,
 Then shall echo thro' the sky.

8 Glory, honor, and thanksgiving,
 Be unto the Lord, our King ;
 O let ev'ry creature living
 The Redeemer's praises sing.
 Allelujah ! Allelujah !
 Now the Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 Allelujah ! Allelujah !
 Sing his praise in highest strains.

9 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
 Blessed be the God of heav'n,

Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
 Who has all our sins forgiv'n :
 Praised, praised, praised, praised,
 Praised be his holy name ;
 Praised, praised, praised, praised,
 Now and evermore—amen.

V. *The Hiding Place.*

1 **H**AIL sovereign love ! that first began,
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that built the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Enrapt in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But lo ! th' eternal counsel rang,
 Almighty love, arrest the man !
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew !
 But justice cry'd with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding-place.

6 But lo ! a heav'ly voice I heard,
 And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
 He led me on a pleasing pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 Should seven fold storms of vengeance roll,
 And shake this globe from pole to pole ;
 No thunder-bolts shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my hiding-place.

8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
 Which must have sunk a world to hell :
 He bore it for his chosen race,
 And thus became their hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
 Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,
 And see my glorious hiding-place.

VI. *The Christian Soldier.*

1 DRESS'D uniform Christ's soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;
Not purchas'd at their cost or care,
But by their Prince bestow'd.

2 Christ's soldiers do eat Christ-like bread,
Wear regimental dress ;
'Tis heav'nly white, and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

3 A bright and glist'ning robe it is,
And to the soldier dear ;
No rose can learn to blush like this,
Nor lilly look so fair.

4 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skilful hand,
And stain'd in his own blood ;
It makes the angels gazing stand,
To view this robe of God.

5 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such mixture fine ;
Nor could the worth of all the globe,
By purchase make it mine.

6 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,
So curiously that none
Can dress up in this seamless coat,
'Till Jesus put it on.

7 This vesture never waxes old,
No spot thereon can fall ;
It makes the soldier brisk and bold,
And dutiful without.

8 Lord, dress me in this robe each day,
And it shall bide my shame ;
Shall make me fight 'gainst sin and pray,
And bless my Captain's name.

9 How brisk and bold Christ's soldiers are,
When dress'd up in this robe ;
They look like men equipt for war,
Or like the sons of God.

10 Their shield is faith, their helmet hope,
And thus they march Christ's road ;
Christ's spirit is their glittering sword,
To play the man for God.

11 When dress'd up in this uniform,
In order march along ;
Christ Jesus is their leader now,
And conscience beats the drum.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

9

12 The trumpet sounds by Christ's command,
A long and joyful sound ;
The soldiers shout and praise their King,
And th' walls come tumbling down.

VII. *A warning to Sinners, to flee from the wrath to come.*

1 **W**HEN pity prompts me to look round,
Upon this fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God ! what shall I say ?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe ;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God will not speak too.

3 O sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your doer,
Arise without delay.

5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

6 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?

7 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-scaring eye.

8 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's right hand.

9 No yearning bowels' pity then,
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say amen,
When Christ bids you depart.

10 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

VIII. *The Soldier of the Cross.*

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
Why should I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?
- 3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fight to win the prize,
And fail through bloody seas ?
- 4 Yes, I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
And see it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
With robes of vii'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

IX. *A true Christian's experience.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye saints and sinners near,
Come list'n a while and you shall hear
The wonders of Almighty grace,
Which set me free to sing his praise.
- 2 One glorious Jesus from the sky,
He said to me as he pass'd by,
Awake, arise, depart and fly,
Go hence, or you will surely die.
- 3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold
The wonders I have never told ;
Heav'n and hell I thought I saw,
And my poor soul in ruin lay.
- 4 I heard of Jesus, who, they say,
Could wash a sinner's sins away ;
But how to find him I did not know,
Nor how to meet with him below.
- 5 My flesh did war against my soul,
Temptation did me much control ;
The weeping saints I could not flight,
Who fought their Jesus day and night.

6 The scandal of his cross I see,
That scandal it would fall on me ;
But still I thought I did behold
I wanted Jesus more than gold.

7 I laid me down to take my rest,
Bemoaning of my dreadful case ;
I thought I would for mercy wait,
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.

8 I little thought he'd been so nigh,
His speaking made me smile and cry :
He said I'm come to you, my love,
I have a place for you above.

9 This glorious news I did believe,
My sins and sorrows did me leave ;
My soul enraptur'd in his love,
In hopes to go with him above—

10 There for to set and sing and tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Whilst we shall join in songs divine,
To praise him all his saints combine.

X. *An Evening Hymn.*

1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May Angels guard us while we sleep,
'Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweary'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

XI. *A Hymn for young Converts.*

1 **M**EETHINKS I hear my Saviour call ;
His pleasant voice doth say,
“ From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,
“ My fair one come away.”

2 God’s spirit doth his saints adorn,
Like clusters on the vine ;
O ’tis a bright and glorious morn,
To see their graces shine.

3 Dear Saviour, here I panting lie,
And long to see thy face ;
O Lord, I pray do not deny
A visit of thy grace.

4 Dear Saviour come, sweet Jesus come,
I long to hear thy voice ;
Jesus ride on, thy pow’r assume,
And make thy saints rejoice.

5 How long shall that bright hour delay ?
When will my Lord appear ?
I long to see that happy day
When Jesus will draw near.

6 O how I long to take my flight,
My soul is on the wing ;
I long to see my heart’s delight,
And be with Christ, my King.

7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,
I long for to adore,
I long to sound thy gracious fame,
Upon the blissful shore.

8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
While God doth me surround,
.As a small drop in the vast sea
Is lost and can’t be found.

9 I long thy coming to behold,
Then shall thy saints adore :
My ardent wishes can’t be told,
So I can say no more.

XII. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;

Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with Gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heav'n be thus, glor'ous Lord,
Why should I stay from thence,
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregation ne'er breaks up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care :
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And Heav'n shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the song, free grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit Three in One.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first began.

XIII. *The Heavenly Lover.*

1 **H**E dies, the heav'nly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound :
On my poor heart strings deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !

1 But lo ! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus the dead, revives again !

2 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Then childrens children, praise your God ;
Tho' now in sorrow much bow'd down,
You soon shall walk the golden streets
Where you will wear a starry crown.

4 We'll praise King Jesus thro' the skies,
Sing glory, glory, round the throne ;
We'll mount aloft on eagles' wings—
We'll take our flight and flee away.

5 I'm glad I ever saw the day,
We met to preach, and sing, and pray ;
There's glory, glory in my soul,
This makes me praise my Lord so bold.

6 I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly ;
Sing glory, glory thro' the air,
Meet all my Father's children there.

7 There on Mount Zion I shall stand ;
Crown on my head and harp in hand ;
There spend a long eternity,
In praising on the heav'nly key.

XIV. *Christ's Invitation.*

1 COME brethren and sisters that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see ;
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast ;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
'Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh sinner I said Jesus, for you I have dy'd,
All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :
The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bending knees before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all and all ;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heav'n and peace upon earth,
The Angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;

Your sins are forgiv'n, my Saviour did say—
Oh ! witness kind heav'n, on this my birth day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground.
The time of refreshing at length I have found,
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,
Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

XV. *Christian under Darkness.*

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than musick his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest'd with a sense of his love,
A palace of joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord if I indeed now am thine
And thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why is my winter so long ?

8 O drive those dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

XVI. *The peace of a young Christian's life and death.*

1 B EST door of bliss to weary saints,
Thou art, grim death, become ;
Secur'd as in a cabinet,
Their dust is in the tomb,

2 By death they enter to those joys
 Prepar'd for them above ;
 There they are ever swallow'd up
 In endless life and love.

3 O ! there they see as they are seen,
 With clear, unclouded views ;
 O ! there they hear of nothing else,
 But joyful, glorious news.

4 Anthems of joy and praise are there,
 With hallelujahs sung :
 Who would be fond of this vain world,
 This dross, this dirt, this dung ?

5 The saints forever do behold,
 Their dearest Jesus' face ;
 There always they admiring are
 Eternal, boundless grace.

6 They're in the house not made with hands,
 In heav'n eternally
 They dwell, and with the rays of Christ
 They shine most gloriously.

7 They're freed from labour, sorrow, sin,
 From cumbrance, peril, pain ;
 Then we shall find whate'er we did.
 For Christ, was not in vain.

8 Now heav'n's work is here begun,
 The work of singing praise—
 The work and will of God in Christ,
 Which there will last always.

XVII. *The Weary Traveller.*

1 COME all ye weary trav'lers,
 Now let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus our great King...
 We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome 'tis true ;
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He call'd us unto him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin.
 The world, the flesh and satan
 Would prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we did reject them
 By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,

We have had long to wander,
 In a dark wilderness ;
 Where we might long have fainted
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
 Give life, and joy, and peace—
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And love and strength increase—
 To confess our Lord and Master,
 And run at his command,
 And hasten on our journey
 Unto the promis'd land.

5 With faith, and hope, and patience
 We're made for to rejoice ;
 And Jesus and his people
 Forever are our choice,
 In peace and consolation
 We now are going on
 The pleasing road to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along ;
 Has conscience never told you
 That you are going wrong.
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear an endless curse ?
 Forlack your ways of finning,
 And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell ;
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell !
 We're sorry for to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;
 Come try a bleeding Saviour,
 And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King Immortal
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service
 We long to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The celestial world above,
 With everlasting wonder
 To praise redeeming love.

XVIII. *The Enjoyments of Heaven.*

1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes—
No care to break our long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded fun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

XIX. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish ev'ry doubt and fear ;
In thy vineyard Lord, to-day.
We would labour, we would pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O ! receive us then at last ;
Labour then will all be o'er,
Night of sin will be no more.

XX. *A Hymn for Baptism.*

1 **C**OME ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his sacred word ;
He dy'd and rose again for you ;
What more could a Redeemer do ?

2 We to this place are come to show ;
What we to boundless mercy owe ;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 Eternal spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters move ;
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

XXI. *On the swiftness of Time.*

1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole :
 Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
 Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly,
 Unthinking man ! remember this,
 Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
 Must groan, and gasp, and die !

3 My soul attend the solemn call ;
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast extensive blue,
 To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe
 Hangs on this inch of time below—
 On this precarious breath,
 The God of nature only knows
 Whether another year shall close
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
 I may be bury'd under ground,
 And there in silence rot ;
 Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
 And ere twelve months may roll between
 My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
 Or cease to live, or cease to think ?
 It cannot, cannot be ;
 Thou, my immortal, cannot die,
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly
 When death shall set thee free !

7 Will mercy then its arm extend ?
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
 And heav'n thy dwelling place ?
 Or shall insulting fiends appear
 To drag thee down to dark despair,
 Beyond the reach of grace ?

8 A heav'n or hell and these alone,
 Beyond this mortal life are known—
 There is no middle state ;
 To-day attend the call divine,

To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O I do not pass this life in dreams,
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems,
To poor unthinking men ;
Lord at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now
What it will tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high ;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die.

XXII. *A prospect of Christ's Church.*

1 Behold a lovely vine,
Here in this desert ground ;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighb'ring land ;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hands.

3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon an hill :
The dazzling light, it shines so bright
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And flars with sparkling light—
Ye christians hear, both far and near,
Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream—
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the vallies round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays ?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace ;

The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

4 XXIII. *The Christian's invitation and determination.*

1 COME now poor sinners, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart ;
Come, we will take you by the hand,
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,
And seek with us those solid joys ;
For soon in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 But if with us ye will not go,
And seek this Jesus for to know ;
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue.

XXIV. *The Pressure of Sin.*

1 THAT my load of sin were gone—
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet,

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see ?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd :
O let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

XXV. *The returning Penitent's Petition,*

1 WEARY of Struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace :
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my sins is despair.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
And bid th' obed'ent waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righ'tousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

XXVI. Hymn for Baptism.

1 **L**ET heav'n and earth rejoice,
And sacred anthems raise,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For free and sov'reign grace.

2 Behold the spotless Lamb,
Descending from above,
To bring the earthly strangers home,
Upon the wings of love.

3 O may our souls rejoice,
His precepts to obey ;
Who to fulfil all righ'tousness,
Mark'd out the humble way.

4 Thus Jesus did descend,
Into the liquid stream ;
Which teaches sinners not to scorn,
What him so well became.

5 O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say ;
Deny ou:selves and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

6 We dare no longer stand,
As neutrals to thy cause ;
But by the help of grace, we'll yield
Obedience to thy laws.

7 Into the watry tomb,
We cheerfully descend,
In token of our faith and love,
To our celest'al friend.

8 Lord meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will :
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

9 Descend, O heav'ly Dove,
And wing our souls away,
Up to that bright and happy shore
Of everlasting day.

10 This day I'll make my choice
To serve the Lord most high ;
Deny myself, take up the cross,
And do it cheerfully.

XXVII. *Prayer.*

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give,
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's pray'r 'tis God indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r ?
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains affligr, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,
Thy remedy's before thee—pray.

5 It's pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou can't or can't not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou can't not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt it shall be done.

XXVIII. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1 SINNERS obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Is now, the stony heart to move ;
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the Angles wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps by which they praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 O quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

XXIX. *Christ all sufficient.*

1 **L**ORD, whether shall I flee,
That I may be secure,
The law proclaims destruction near,
and thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conscience speaks,
and tells me of my crime ;
How foolish I have spent my days,
and wasted all my time.

3 And satan he presents
that 'tis too late to pray ;
The time and means of grace are spent,
and I have lost my day.

4 Now horrors seize my mind,
with darkness and despair,
I must be driv'n from earth to hell,
to where the damned are.

5 These thoughts distress my mind,
and I am fill'd with fear,
While I am held in hard suspense,
presumption or despair.

6 If I continue here
I certain shall be lost,
If I go back to sin again
damnation will be just.

7. I'll risk my 'ternal all—
I'll prostrate on the ground,
Dear Jesus, for one sov'reign word,
to heal my mortal wound.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
and sov'reign mercy crave ;
Dear Jesus, thou, and thou alone,
art able for to save.

9 And whilst the Lord delays,
my heart begins to break :
Yet suddenly some joys I feel,
I hear a Saviour speak.

10 "Cheer up, for I have dy'd,
"my precious blood is spilt ;
"Behold my flowing crimson stream,
"to wash away your guilt."

11 My fears and grief and guilt,
did instantly depart,
Strange and surprisingly I felt,
wrapt in my Saviour's heart.

12 Strangely my state was chang'd,
and I began to sing,
All glory to the God of love,
Who doth such sweetnes bring.

13 I'll praise thee while I live—
I'll praise thee when I die—
I'll praise thee when I rise again,
and to eternity.

XXX. *The Christian's Enquiry.*

1 "TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious tho't ;
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a talk and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is darkness, vain and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I'll pray :
If I have not lov'd before
Help me to begin this day.

XXXI. *Hymn to close Public Worship.*

1 **D**ISMISSE us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are evil, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O ! let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine ;
And saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

XXXII. *The Judgment Hymn.*

1 **T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decree'd from all eternity.

But O my soul, reflect and wonder !
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.

3 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
Arise ye dead and come to judgment !
Ye nations of this world around.

4 Loud thunder rumb'ling through the concave,
Bright forked lightnings part the skies ;
The heav'n's shaking, the earth a quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in faccloth,
No more their shining circuits run ;
The wheel of time stopt in a moment :
Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge mossy rocks and tow'ring mountains,
Over their tumbling basis roar ;
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frighted shore.

7 Green turf-y grave-yards and tombs of marble
Give up their dead, both small and great ;
See the whole world both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment seat.

8 See Jesus on the throne of justice
Come thund'ring down the parted skies ;
With countles' armies of shining angels,
With halilujahs, shout for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine :
Behold him coming in pow'r and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory
Which are laid up for you above.

12 For your dear souls which have continu'd
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
No sickness, pain nor death to fear ;
No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar ;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See justice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinners' blood :
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
And crucify'd the Son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinners !
My face never more shall see ;

Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror
And anguish throbbing in their breast,
Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jesus while you may;
For he is ready to forgive you,
Or else you must depart away.

XXXIII. *Cethsemane.*

1 **G**REAT high priest, we view thee swooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow press.

2 Weeping Angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

3 On the cross the body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal tye,
Tempted souls produce the token
All demands to satisfy.

4 All is finish'd do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord,
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.

5 Lord we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Praised bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race:—
True belief and true repentance,
Are thy gifts thou God of grace.

XXXIV. *The true Penitent.*

1 **H**ARK! I hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers like flames of fire
Are passing thro' the land,
The voice is here "repent and fear,
"King Jesus is at hand."

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The saints in pray'r, cry, " Lord draw near ;
Have mercy on the youth."

4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name :
Whilst older saints, true penitents
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a show'r of his great pow'r
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.

XXXV. *A Hymn for young Converts.*

1 **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing ;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain,
They make no doubt but all is well,
And satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heav'ly arches ring
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night ;
Their hearts that did with music sing
Are now untun'd in ev'ry string.

7 Oh ! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coat ?
Why didst thou think to fly away
Before thou leav'ft this feeble clay ?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When satan comes to tempt your minds
Then meet him with these blessed lines—
For Christ our Lord has swept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

XXXVI. *Christ's invitation to his Spouse.*

1 **A**RISE my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
I hear my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past the spring's come at last,
My love, my dove come awa;.

2 The earth that is green is fair to be seen,
The little birds chirping do say,
That they do rejoice in each other's voice—
My love, my dove come away.

3 All smiling in love the young turtle dove,
The flowers appearing in May,
All speak forth the praise of th' Ancient of Days,
My love, my dove come away,

4 Come away from th' world's cares, those troublesome soars
That follow you night and by day,
That you may be free from the troubles that be,
My love my dove come away.

5 Come 'way from all fears that trouble you here,
Come into my arms he doth say,
That you may be clear from the troubles you fear,
My love, my dove come away,

6 Come 'way from all ~~troubles~~ from that raging tide
That makes you ~~troubled~~ by the way ;
Come learn to be ~~troubled~~ and your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove come away.

7 As i' you that are old and whose hearts are grown cold
Your Jesus inviting doth say,
That he's heard your cries in the north countries,
My love, my dove come away.

8 As i' you that are young, your hearts they are strong,
Your Jesus invites you away ;
From anti-christ's charms to your Jesus' kind arms,
My love, my dove come away.

9 And as to the youth who have known the truth,
Whose hearts they have led you astray,
Come hear to his voice and your hearts shall rejoice,
My love, my dove come away.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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10 My dear children all come hear to my call,
Behold I stand knocking and say,
My head's wet with dew my children for you,
My love, my dove come away.

11 My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'd,
My maidens attending do say,
There's wine on the lees as much as you please,
My love, my dove come away.

12 Come travel the road that leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way;
Come run up and down my errands upon,
My love, my dove come away.

XXXVII. *The Union.*

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love !
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so near unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O ! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again ?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
A distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see ;
Singing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

XXXVIII. *Christ's Resurrection.*

1 CHRIST our Lord is ris'n to-day
Our triumphant holy way—
Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

2 In our paschal joys and feast,
Let the Lord of life be blest,
Let the Holy Three be prais'd,
And to heav'n our songs be rais'd.

3 Christ our Lord is ris'n to-day ;
 Christ our light, our life, our way,
 The object of our love and faith,
 Who by dying conquer'd death.

4 The holy martyrs early came,
 To weep o'er their Saviour's tomb ;
 Two bright angels did appear,
 Who said Jesus is not here.

5 Where is he, O tell us where,
 His blest'd residence declare ;
 Jesus seek among the dead,
 Far from these dark regions fled.

6 First the sacred place behold
 That did your dear Lord unfold ;
 Bless your eyes and raise your voice,
 In songs of praise we'll rejoice.

7 Haste ye females from the flight,
 Make to Gallilee your flight,
 And to his disciples say,
 Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day

8 Heralds of our joy to you,
 Grateful thanks and love is due ;
 With songs to God and praises high,
 We'll together magnify.

9 The cross is past, the crown is won,
 The ransom paid and death's sting's gone ;
 Let us feast, and sing, and say,
 Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day.

XXXIX. *Christ's Sufferings.*

1 **T**HRO'OUT our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;
 No per'od else was seen,
 'Till he a spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in foul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
 For this I'll him adore ;
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat thro'out,
 Blood drops did force their passage out
 Through ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 'Till one the bones might see !
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with tears,
 Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
 At length his cross they rear !
 And can you see the mighty God
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load
 Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus vailed in humanity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree !
 What tongue his grief can tell ?
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
 The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
 He drank the gall to give us wine
 To quench our parching thirst :
 Seraphs advance your voices high'r,
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise your precious Christ.

XL. *On Baptism.*

1 IN the Lord's word left on record,
 Expressly it is said,
 They did repair where solemn pray'r
 Was wont for to be made.

2 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
 Down by the water side,
 And here we stand by Christ's command,
 To wait upon his bride.

3 Now we will sing to Christ our King,
 Our souls shall give him thanks,
 Who came to Jordan unto John,
 And went down Jordan's banks.

4 With one accord we'll bless the Lord,
 Who in his word doth say,
 That he that dy'd he was baptis'd
 And marked out the way.

5 Now we do tell our friends farewell,
 To practice his commands ;
 It is the road that leads to God,
 The way to Canaan's land.

6 Our King did stand and give command,
 Who sent his servants forth,
 To call to all of Adam's fall,
 They went from south to north.

7 Ye sinners all come hear the call,
 His loving truth embrace,
 That you may stand on Canaan's land,
 And see him face to face.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

XLIV. *The condescending Love and Mercy of
God in fallen man's redemption.*

1 **G**OD's pow'r and wisdom is display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made ;
But more his mercy and his grace,
In saving fallen Adam's race.

2 The matchless grace and love of God,
Appears in shedding of his Blood,
For poor apostate Adam's seed,
Was condescending love indeed.

3 How could th' Lord, the great Creator
Consent t' be a feeble creature,
And leave his glorious realms of bliss,
To sojourn in this wilderness ?

4 That God who heav'n and earth did frame,
Who counts the stars and calls their name,
He for our sakes did stoop so far,
As to become a carpenter.

5 He veil'd his Godhead with our flesh,
And underwent a human birth ;
Full thirty years both night and day,
He bore our heavy load of clay.

6 O ! was not this a heav'n's wonder,
He suffer'd weariness and hunger ?
In all the works his hands had made,
Could find no where to lay his head.

7 But this was nothing what he felt,
He bore our load of sin and guilt ;
By imputation he was then
The greatest sinner of all men.

8 Methinks I heard his Father say
" The utmost farthing you shall pay ;
" My injur'd justice must have right,
" I can't abate one single mite.

9 " Since you espouse the sinner's cause,
" You must fulfil my righteous laws ;
" Altho' you are my darling Son,
" I will have right and justice done."

20 Hark ! how the Saviour then reply'd ;
 " Since justice must be satisfy'd,
 " I am your most obedient Son ;
 " My father, let thy will be done !

21 " I give myself into thy hands,
 " Let justice have its full demands ;
 " If all my blood will pay the debt,
 " Man shant be lost for want of that.

22 " If that my life will but atone
 " For the offence that man has done,
 " I freely will resign my breath
 " To save their precious souls from death."

23 Amidst his sorrows for a space,
 His Father hid his smiling face,
 Which did extort such bitter cries
 As fill'd all nature with surprise.

24 Those piercing words *Eli, Eli,*
 Likewise *Lama Sabachthani !*
 Which our expiring Lord did speak,
 They made the universe to shake.

25 Well might the sun its glory veil,
 And ev'ry thing in nature fail
 And blush, had they but eyes to see
 Their Maker hanging on a tree.

26 What adamantine hearts of stone
 Could hear our Saviour's dying groan,
 And not lament in any shape,
 Except some harden'd reprobate ?

27 How could the spotless Lamb of God
 Consent to spill his precious blood
 To save a stubborn guilty wretch ?
 'Twas love indeed without a match !

28 O ! what is sin, that spawn of hell ?
 Its dreadful nature who can tell ?
 No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,
 Can e'er express what sin has done.

29 God's grace and love to fallen man,
 Our human reach can never scan !
 An angel's tongue can say no more,
 It is a sea without a shore.

30 Arise ye stupid souls, and view
 What your dear Lord has done for you,
 And spend the remnant of your days
 In striving to advance his praise.

21 The Father, Son and Spirit too,
 All praise and honor is their due,
 From spotless angels round the throne,
 And human creatures ev'ry one.

XLV. *The truly enlightened soul in the valley of humili-
 lation, humbly resigned at the foot of a sovereign God.*

1 **T**HE man that views his guilt and sin
 With clear enlight'ned eyes,
 He sees how vile a wretch he's been,
 And down in dust he lies.

2 With humble, low submission 'tis
 His soul is bro't to say,
 That God the Sov'reign potter is,
 And he but worthless clay.

3 His views are just and adequate,
 He sees it would be right
 If God should fix his future state
 In black, eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,
 His all he then resigns,
 He's willing now to sign a blank,
 And God should write the lines.

5 But yet he can't despair of grace,
 He wrestles with his God,
 And begs his precious soul might take
 The merits of his blood.

6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,
 That his poor soul might live;
 He can't be willing to be dam'n'd,
 Such language he doth give:

7 " The souls condemn'd to endless flames
 " Blaspheme the God above,
 " While heav'nly saints on highest strains,
 " Do praise redeeming love.

8 " Should I be doom'd to endless woe,
 " To burn forever more,
 " I'ld never pay the debt I owe,
 " Nor cancel all the score.

9 " Ten million years in fire and smoke,
 " Amidst the livid flame,
 " Will gain no credit on thy book,
 " The debt is still the same.

10 " But if by Christ my soul is freed,
 " He will my surety stand,
 " And ev'ry mite will then be paid,
 " Which justice can demand.

11 " If such a brand of fire as I,
 " Should now be pluck'd from hell,
 " How would the winged seraphs fly,
 " Such blessed news to tell.

12 " To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 " What glory would redound ?
 " How would the spotless heav'nly host,
 " Their golden trumpet sound ?

13 " Must I despair of future bliss,
 " And so withdraw my suit ?
 " No, God forbid, since mercy is
 " Thy darling attribute.

14 " My ardent cries shall still ascend,
 " While I have pow'r to speak,
 " And if I perish in the end,
 " I'll die beneath thy feet."

15 The man that's brought to such a case,
 God won't his suit deny ;
 But he will give him saving grace,
 And lift his soul on high.

16 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 All glory is their due,
 From beings far above the sun,
 And human creatures too.

XLVI. *Views of Heavenly Glory.*

1 **N**o pen can write that sweet delight,
 Nor human tongue express ;
 There's none believes, nor can conceive
 That joy and happiness.

2 That great degree now shewn to me,
 Of future joy and peace ;
 When they're reveal'd and not conceal'd,
 My life doth almost cease.

3 Eternal songs of praise belong
 To Christ my Saviour dear ;
 And I must sing to Christ my King,
 And honor him with fear.

4 When I sit down to view that crown
 Laid up for me above,
 To meditate and contemplate
 On God's eternal love—

5 My soul doth leap to think how deep
 My Saviour's love hath been ;
 I'm carry'd out in tho's devout,
 On things that are unseen.

6 *This real view appears so true,*
 That Jesus is the man

6 That did agree with God for me,
Before the world began.

7 Lord when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air;
And all thy host travel this coast,
And meet together there?

XLVII. *A prospect of Heaven.*

1 WHEN God on high shall magnify
His everlasting love;
And send for me to let me see
My heritage above—

2 Then I shall rise above the skies,
In praising God with songs;
The Seraphs they'll shew us the way,
Where all the angels thro'.

3 Then I shall shine in light divine;
More than the morning fair,
The Father, Son and Spirit One,
And I'm a chosen heir.

4 There see and feel what they'll reveal,
With pleasure and delight;
Then surely they'll their joys unveil,
And treasures infinite.

XLVIII. *Continued.*

1 LORD when shall we mount up to thee
Upon the wings of grace,
And see thy bright and lilly white,
And ruddy, rosy face—

2 And be so near that we can hear
Thy ravishing sweet voice,
And talk with thee forever free,
And in thy love rejoice?

3 And dwell above in flames of love,
Where heart and all shall melt—
Where love like streams and light like beams,
Thro' ages shall be felt?

4 Where thou art seen and I shall less,
Forever on thy breast,
And dwell above in flames of love,
And be thy heav'ly guest.

5 Where heart and mind shall all be joined
With thousands round the throne,
And shall unite in sweet delights,
That now is quite unknown.

6 In that bright place where we thy face
Shall see in glory shine,

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And drink new wine fresh from the vine,
And be forever thine.

7 Amen, amen, the angels cry,
Salvation is his due ;
And we thro' all eternity,
His praises shall renew.

XLIX. *Continued.*

1 WHEN we shall fly above the sky,
On wings like Noah's dove ;
And go from hence to those immense
Transporting joys above.

2 Then the bridegroom will give us rooms,
And seats in heaven's courts ;
To feast on love with him above,
In ravishing transports.

3 There's glorious hosts and spotless ghosts,
Which guard my Saviour's throne ;
And thousands more who kneel before,
Whose numbers can't be known,

4 Each seraphim that is within,
Has six bright glitt'ring wings ;
Flying on twain while four remain.
For veils and coverings.

5 There's seas of glass whose beauties pass
The glories of the sun ;
And streets of gold there to behold,
As bright as any one.

6 There we shall see that fruitful tree,
Which bears twelve times a year,
Whose lovely fruit so sweetly suits
All heav'n's guests for cheer.

7 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

L. *Continued.*

1 MY heart is there, I've no elsewhere,
I feel those drops distill ;
I long to fly to Christ on high,
And there to drink my fill.

2 And there abide where rivers glide,
And hear the angels sing ;
And join myself in their behalf,
Thus to adore my King.

3 When I at length get grace and strength
 To strike those heav'ly notes,
 I'll praise him too as angels do,
 With there sweet warbling throats;

4 Amen, amen the angels cry,
 Salvation is his due,
 And we thro' all eternity,
 His praises will renew.

L.I. *God's Love to his Saints.*

1 MY God above with smiles of love,
 And blissful words will say,
 " Those saints of mine did once incline
 " From my commands to stray :

2 " But Christ my Son, my only one,
 " Was wounded for their sins ;
 " So for his sake I'll pity take,
 " And make them welcome in.

3 " I'll make them heirs and give them states,
 " And they shall live with me ;
 " I'll give them crowns instead of frowns,
 " And joys eternally."

4 I have a robe above this globe
 Which Jesus gave to me ;
 'Tis clean and white, it's pure and bright,
 And thus his gift was free.

5 It cost him dear, but he was free
 Than I was to receive ;
 And he's got more laid up in store
 For all that will believe.

6 If any those should want to know
 Where Jesus gave me this,
 And ask if he elected me,
 Then I could tell them yes.

7 If Christ made known unto his own,
 What they'll receive at death,
 There's not a saint but what would faint,
 And breathe their dying breath.

L.II. *Longings for Heaven and Glory.*

1 JESUS, I thirst, and go I must,
 I long to be above—
 I long to sing to Christ my King,
 Where oceans flow with love.

2 Ye happy souls that always roll
 In love and joy and peace,
 Which always run thro' God's dear Son,
 Whose love will never cease.

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3 You're blest I say, and you shall stay
With Jesus Christ above ;
And always swim along with him
In oceans full of love.

4 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

LIII. *Invitations to hold out to the end.*

1 MY children dear you now appear
Like blossoms on the trees ;
But you may blast and die at last,
And wither by degrees.

2 You set out well, but let me tell
You not to run too fast,
Lest you should miss of endless bliss,
And happiness at last.

3 You know that then ~~five~~ ^{four} ~~days~~ ^{of} rest,
Of virgins did prove fools ;
Why may not you be found so too,
If you take up their rules ?

4 I know full well, no tongue can talk
The number Christ will free ;
But there's but few to what that crew,
Of damned souls will be.

5 Come let us cry in agony,
And call on God aloud ;
Lest we get there in black despair,
Among the damned crowd—

6 Where devils are in black despair,
A burning in the fire—
Where they must lie eternally,
And never rise no high'r.

7 How can you try so willingly
To cause God's love to cease ;
And slight his grace in such case
Of your eternal peace.

8 How can you bear to take your share
In God's eternal wrath ;
And there to roar forever more,
Thro' your indulgentloth.

9 If you insist still to resist,
His curse shall on you fall,
Anathema, Maranatha,
The Lord declares to all.

LIV. *The Saint's Happiness.*

- 1 **S**URE God will say my children stay,
Here's all that you desire,
Come drink your fill just when you will,
What more can you desire?
- 2 **O** blessed day when God shall say,
" You are my chosen one ;
" It was for you a chosen few,
" Call my beloved Son."
- 3 **T**hey have desir'd and have enquir'd
How God's love came so vast ;
But they may pry eternally,
And lose their aim at last.
- 4 **L**ord when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air ;
And all thy host travel this coast,
And meet together there.

LV. *The soul in the exercise of Faith.*

- 1 **Y**OU saints of light that shine so bright,
Above the lofty skies,
Come sing aloud since you're endow'd
With holy exercise.
- 2 **M**y soul doth long to sing a song,
Unto my Lord above ;
And there unite in sweet delight,
With all the saints in love.
- 3 **A**nd spend away eternal day,
In lofty songs of praise ;
And thus engage throughout the age
Of everlasting days.
- 4 **W**hen I get grace and strength of face
To strike those heav'nly notes,
I'll praise him too as angels do,
With their sweet warbling throats.

LVI. *Christ's coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **W**MEN Christ shall rend from end to end
The regions of the air ;
And split the skies in twain likewise,
Then he'll himself appear.
- 2 **T**hen he'll appear a drawing near
In armies broad and long ;
In rank and file ten thousand miles.
Methinks I see them throng.
- 3 **T**hen he will tell the arch angel
To blow the trumpet loud,

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That all may hear, both far and near,
And then you'll see them round.

4 Then he will call both great and small,
The beggar and the drudge ;
The high, the low, the poor also,
To come before the Judge.

5 The sheep shall stand at his right hand,
But goats on his left side ;
Then he will call both great and small,
To have their cases try'd.

6 Then he will say " depart away,
" Ye goats go down to hell,
" And wander there in black despair,
" And bid all hopes farewell."

7 But to the rest, " come up ye blest."
My sweet Redeemer'll say,
" And dwell on high with God and I,
And sing my praise for aye."

LVII. *The Love of Christ to his Saints.*

1 **N**OW who are they who dare to say,
I've been too kind to these ;
A right I have to damn or save,
If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,
And dazzle like the sun,
I've kept above wrapt up in love ;
And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints, but I was forc'd to die,
Or you must naked gone ;
They're made for you, I know they'll do,
For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord, when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air ;
And all thy host travel this coast,
And meet together there.

LVIII. *At the meeting of Friends.*

2 **W**ELE met, dear friends, in Jesus name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.

3 But O ! dear Jesus Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'ly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.

3 **I**n vain, dear Saviour here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;

Thy presence makes a heav'nly sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A place proves a hell.

5 Then O I dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy spirit's quick'ning influ'nce send,
And purge our hearts from guile—

6 That at the close each one may say,
" We met not here in vain;
" For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
" Nor could we more contain."

LIX. *At parting of Friends.*

1 **L**ORD when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But Father since it is thy will,
That we must part again;
Yet let thy special presence still,
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we before the glor'ous throne,
Shall joyfull meet above.

4 There void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic, ephodless strains,
Redeeming love admire.

5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great myster'ous One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

LX. *Another*

1 **N**OW, Lord, tho' we must part awhile,
Upon the sacred road;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us close to God.

*And if as sin on earth we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee;*

1 And let thy gracious presence sweet
From bondage set us free,

2 This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode ;
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.

3 For since our fellowship below,
Affords such joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

4 And Lord, let this excite us on,
To keep the narrow way ;
Till we shall meet around thy throne,
To spend an endless day.

5 Celestial Dove, our souls inspire,
Maintain this flame of love ;
Till we shall meet that glorious choir,
Of worshippers above.

LXI. *Advice to Youth, from Eccl. xii.*

1 NOW is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your Creator, God ;
Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the days of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endless joy—
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasure that will never cloy.

3 But if you foolishly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath,
To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on, or sudden death.

4 O think what dreadful risk you run—
You hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless tortures roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin ;
No more repentance now appears,
Then when his life did first begin.

6 Lo still upon the horrid brink
Of everlasting wrath he goes ;
Awa with horror down to sink,
Into the gulf of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth,

All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
And take th' advice of sacred truth.

LXII. *A Hymn on the preciousness of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds,
How good, how excellently good
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood.
- 2 What makes it so to me, is this,
All that's in Christ my portion is ;
I'm his and shall forever be,
And all he has is made to me.
- 3 O ! what a great estate have I,
A heav'n to all eternity ;
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
Nor can I greater riches know.
- 4 O Law I dread thy threats no more ;
My Saviour yonder paid my score ;
His blood, I know has blotted all,
The hand againt me on the wall.
- 5 The promises I glad look o'er,
And thankfully the Lamb adore ;
For when he dy'd he left his will,
And these his legacies reveal'd.
- 6 What did my Saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me bequeath ;
His life, his death, his wounds and blood,
He left me when he went to God.
- 7 His new eternal testament
I read, and much sweet time is spent,
In searching ev'ry verse and line ;
How much my Jesus' will is mine.
- 8 My dear Testator will I bless,
While wearing his pure, righ'toness
He dy'd and left me this, I'll tell,
Or I had naked gone to hell.
- 9 His sacred name I'll still adore,
And praise my Jesus more and more ;
My heart, my tongue his praise shall prove,
In earth below and heav'n above.
- 10 O ! the vast debt of love I owe,
My foul in time can ne'er befflow ;
Eternity, it has no bound,
So let my praise to thee be bound.

LXIII. *On Grace.*

1 **H**EAVENLY thou'st create my song,
And sets my soul on fire,
And glides my pleasing thou'st along.
To join the heav'nly choir.

2 While trav'ling thro' this desert land,
My weary soul shall rest ;
Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,
To lean upon his breast.

3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
And tell him all my grief ;
From Jesus' blood my soul shall find,
The streams of sweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
And view his lovely face ;
As one o'ercome by fov'reign charms,
And lost in his embrace.

5 Here I behold with joy divine,
The springs of rising bliss,
And joy to see that Christ is mine,
And view that I am his.

6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
Strike an immortal flame ;
Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing
The praise of Jesus' name—

7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng,
Of my incarnate God ;
His love shall be my ceaseless song,
Who wash'd me in his blood.

8 High on a throne my Saviour reigns ;
Angels adore my King ;
In lofty, sweet, Seraphic strains,
My Saviour's praise they sing.

9 There I'll adore my dying God,
And bow before his face ;
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
And praise victorious grace.

10 Amidst th' eternal sacred true—
Among the starry plains,
My soul shall sing as angels do,
In sweet celestial strains.

11 The heav'ly flame shall still aspire,
Before my Saviour's Throne ;

His love shall feed the sacred fire,
To praise the holy One.

LXIV. *A soul's view : Or, partaking of the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 THE table's spread, my soul there 'spies
The victim bleeds, the Saviour dies—
In anguish on the tree !
I hear his dying groans ! I prove
His bleeding heart, his dying love !
He dy'd, my soul, for thee.
- 2 The table's spread—the royal food
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,
A feast of love divine ;
His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !
His sacred blood for sin atones—
Atones, my soul, for thine.
- 3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands
To fill the hungry mind ;
'Tis free, and whosoever will,
May feast his soul, and drink his fill,
And grace and glory find.
- 4 Whilst at the table fits the King,
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,
With an immortal flame ;
My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
With joy I'll love him more and more,
And bless his sacred name.
- 5 O sacred flesh ! O solemn feast !
When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,
Is at his table found ;
This adds new glories to my joy—
It bids me sing and well I may,
It makes my bliss abound.
- 6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,
On angels' food, with living bread,
And manna from above ;
On sacred flesh, on dying blood
I feast, till I am full of God,
And drink the wine of love.
- 7 It is an early antipast,
Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,
A taste on earthly ground ;
If here so sweet, if here we prove
Seraphic joy, celestial love,
In heav'n what will be found ?

LXV. *Redemption found in Jesus, under the idea of an anchor cast in a storm.* Heb. iv. 19.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
My soul's sure anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation's slain,
Whose mercy shall unbroken stay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

Father, thine everlasting grace,
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far,
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live,

BBy faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy and rest;
'Tis here when hell assails I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast;
Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

WTho' waves and storms go o'er my head;
Tho' health and strength and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead—
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
On thee my steadfast soul relies;
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground, I will remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundation melts away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

6 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My springs of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My shield, my strength, my safe abode,
My palace, Saviour, and my God.

LXVI. *Gospel ministers' call or commission.—From several scriptures.*

1 **T**HUS faith the Lord, your master dear,
O ye, his servants, whom he sends
To preach his gospel far and near,
E'en to the world's remotest ends.

2 " Go forth ye heralds in my name,
" Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;

1 " The glorious jubilee proclaim,
" Where'er the human race is found.

2 " Convince a world of sinners blind,
" And shew them where their danger lies ;
" The broken hearted careful bind,
" And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

3 " Be wise as serpents where you go,
" Yet harmless as the peaceful dove ;
" And let your whole deportment show,
" That you're commission'd from above.

4 " And as you freely have receiv'd,
" E'en so to others freely give ;
" So shall your message be believ'd,
" And many dying sinners live."

5 " Master, thy word we have obey'd
(Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace,)
" And lo the devils are dismay'd,
" Trembling they flee before our face."

6 " Oh ! if I had an angel's voice,
And could be heard from pole to pole,
I would to all the lift'ning world,
Proclaim thy goodness to my soul.

7 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey ;
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

LXVII. *Divine Fortitude.*

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble men ?
Behold thy heav'nly Captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my soul would tip and run,
At this reviving word ;

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Nor any painful suff'ring shan'
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
Lo, I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

7 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

8 I'll cheerfully take up the cross,
And follow thee, my Lord :
Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
At thy commanding word.

9 But this I promise to fulfil,
Through thy affliting grace,
For I'm pow'rless, and a weak will
I must with shame confess.

10 But let thy grace sufficient be,
In ev'ry time of need ;
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And ev'ry time succeed.

LXVIII. *The Rich Provision of the Gospel.*

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart has room
For rebels, such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love ;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove—
The sion to a Lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love ;

4 Grace by a right'ousness doth reign,
Wrought by the sacred life of God ;
Where sin is spoil'd, grace shall maintain
Its right in Jesus' sacred blood.

5 Who counts the sands that bound the sea,
Not half his fins can number o'er ;
And ah ! what millions yet but see
Grace hath ten thousand mercies more.

6 Infinite, grace, how full of God,
In ev'ry work of thine—there glows
New glories in thy sacred blood,
There life divine eternal flows.

7 We bowing sing thy death so strong
Which all our souls from death defends ;
Shout ye redeem'd—for here your song
Begins, and never—never ends.

LXXV. *On eternal Love.*

1 ETERNAL love, the darling song,
Well pleasing to Jehovah's ear ;
Attend ye sav'd, ye pardon'd strong,
With all your graceful notes draw near.

2 Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves
To helpless man ; with gladness great,
Sing loud, for God the song approves.

3 Hail Beth'l'em ! hail that ruddy morn,
Whose rays adorn the infant God ;
Messiah of a virgin born,
A God, a man to die in blood.

4 For us, salvation wide displays
Her ambient, refreshing wing ;
In Jesus' name, what love we'll praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.

5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace ;
Heav'n echoes back as pleas'd, in thee
To shew its glories and its grace.

6 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin ;
Who cannot taste the love that heals,
The sweets of conscience thus made clean.

7 Thy love, O Jesus, is the theme,
The song of saints shall ever grow ;
All ages to the church proclaim
How sweetly doth their numbers flow.

8 Here shall the guilty, who has lost
The Divine favour by his sin,
Find worth that he can safely trust,
A righteous soul to glory in.

LXXVI. *The Fight of Faith.*

O MIGHTY Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring,
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,
O now let me find thee mighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief ;
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial if Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand,
But thou art my pow'r and holdest my hand ;
I wait, I am calling, thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling or plucks me from hell.

4 On Jesus my Saviour, I then will rely,
All evil before his presence shall fly ;
When I find my Saviour my fears shall depart,
And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

LXXVII. *To be sung before going into public worship.*

1 THE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
Shall I, in sloth, abide at home ?
Shall I behind the people stay,
When Jesus calls, there still is room ?
I'll go, it is a place of pray'r,
Who knows but God may meet me there ?

2 To day Immanuel feeds his saints,
And here the Christians find their King ;
They all lay open their complaints,
And here the Saviour's praise they sing ;
Into their numbers I'll presume,
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

3 How long did faithful Anna wait,
And fought the Lord full four score years,
Both day and night, the temple gate
She watch'd with many sighs and tears,
And scarcely left the house of pray'r
Till God vouch'dsafe to meet her there.

4 Dear Saviour, then permit me pow'r,
And like the saints I'll watch for thee,
Content till the appointed hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me ;
Daily my soul within thy gate,
Shall for thy gracious presence wait.

5 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
 And let my enemies be slain,
 Who would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;
 And when the bridegroom shall appear,
 O ! may my soul be found in pray'r.

LXXVIII. *Guilt and distress inseparable companions.*

1 **S**IN is the fatal cause of woe,
 The spring from whence our troubles flow,
 Yet when we take a view
 Of those who sin in ev'ry breath,
 Yet feel no cheeks in life and death,
 We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly blest
 Who treat religion as a jest,
 A fable or a song ;
 Down life's impet'ous stream they glide ;
 Favor'd with canvas, wind and tide,
 And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they flee,
 No troubles feel nor can they fear,
 But laugh and sing and play ;
 Till deep they plunge in eodle's night,
 Without one drop of sweet delight,
 Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O sad exchange ! O wretched state !
 Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)
 What they have heard in vain :
 Despair and anguish dwell within ;
 The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,
 And make them roar with pain.

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,
 'Twas guilt that caus'd their guilt and shame ;
 And freely they confess,
 The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,
 'Twas all indulgence just before,
 But now 'tis all distress.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,
 And quit those regions of despair ;
 And now would ask the saints,
 " If guilt be harmless, tell me why
 Those trickling tears, that heaving sigh ?
 " And whence those sad complaints ?"

7 When sin, that viper, you carest,
 Striking remorse and keen distress
 Speedily make you smart ;

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

'Tis that which hides the Saviour's face,
Incores his frowns, suspends his grace,
And wounds you to the heart.

- 8 Then griefs like mighty torrents roll,
Till the poor agonizing soul
Lies bleeding on the rack :
The round of duty's trodden hill,
But 'tis like lab'ring up a hill,
With mountains on the back.
- 9 One guilty scene such anguish brings,
Clogs the poor soul, and clips its wings,
And drags it from the skies ;
Till Jesus, dress'd in love appears,
Forgives the guilt and wipes the tears,
From the beclouded eyes.
- 10 O Christians ! never hope to meet,
In pleasures sinful tasting sweet,
But bid them all adieu ;
Stings from forbidden pleasures grow,
At least my soul hath found it so,
And owns th' assertion true.
- 11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,
Make me like nature's noblest plant ;
And may my fear be such,
That when temptations lie in wait,
I may disdain the gilded bait,
And shrinking, shun the touch.

LXXXIX. *The sinner's call rejected*

- 1 COME all who've spent your blooming days
In your own lusts, and Satan's ways,
Bow down to God, confess your sin,
Lest you should never enter in—
- 2 In thro' the gate that is on high,
Which leads to joys above the sky ;
Where all the saints their voices raise,
Rejoice and sing their Maker's praise.
- 3 All who do wish to pass this gate
Must walk upright and very strait ;
If you should miss this gate, I know,
Down to a burning hell you'll go.
- 4 There's endless sorrow, endless pain,
Without a hope of peace again ;
Oh ! then your aching souls will say,
" Why did we God so disobey ? "

5 His hand was stretch'd forth all the day,
We cannot have one word to say ;
For we have had many a call,
And we, like fools, rejected all.

6 One word of caution to the young
Who never have God's praises sung ;
Give up to Christ before's too late,
Or else in hell you'll have your fate.

7 Down with the hellish devils there,
Look'd down in horror and despair ;
But oh ! the formidable cries,
That fill the earth and reach the skies.

8 They turn their eyes to heav'n, and see
Where all the righteous people be ;
Look down into a gaping hell,
See where the devil's host doth dwell.

9 This heav'n is a happy place,
Where all the people's fill'd with grace ;
This hell it is a place of spite,
Where sorrows are that's infinite.

10 Come mind the words which I have penn'd
Left down to hell God should you send :
The place I will describe once more,
'Tis where the devils always roar.

LXXX. *Invitation to sin sick Souls to come
to Jesus for relief.*

1 COME, sinners, now approach your God,
With new melod'ous songs ;
Behold the treasures of his blood
Have cleans'd a num'rous throng.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
Inviting you to come ;
Hear how his mercy sweetly charms,
And tells you there is room :

3 But hark ! methinks I hear you say,
" I'm an unworthy soul —
" I've spurn'd my day of grace away,
" I hear his thunders roll.

4 " My sins are of a crimson dye,
" And I'm a captive led :
" Can such a sinful soul as I,
" Be from this bondage free'd ?

5 " Now I deserve the lowest hell,
" Who spurn'd his offer'd grace ;
" And tempting others to rebel,
" Provok'd him to his face."

6 Stop, trembling soul, and hear me tell
 The wonders of his love ;
 He snatch'd me from the brink of hell,
 And rais'd my soul above.

7 Hark ! hear the blessed Jesus say,
 " Poor soul, you need not doubt ;
 " The soul that will come unto me,
 " I'll in no wise cast out."

8 If ever any trembling soul,
 That unto Jesus come,
 Had e'er been banish'd or cast off,
 I must have been the one.

9 But God has mercy yet in store,
 For all that will believe ;
 You need not fear because you're poor,
 That he will you deceive.

10 Come now and take him at his word,
 He will not angry be ;
 Put your whole trust in Christ the Lord,
 And he will set you free.

LXXXI. *The soul's confidence in God's faithfulness*

1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 Who knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home :
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

LXXXII. *To all saints who put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.*

1 **M**Y brethren all remember well,
 That your sweet Jesus is your all ;
 Of grace and truth, brim full he is,
 For those who feel their emptiness.

2 Christ is your wisdom, right'ousness,
 Your strength, your holiness and peace,
 Your head, your hope, your joy also,
 Your all to God, your all to you.

3 His fulness's yours, what can you need ?
 Nothing but faith thereon to feed ;
 And faith to you himself will give,
 Rely on him, and to him live.

4 Then oh ! be free with this your friend,
 His fulness you can never spend ;

Let all your wants be laid on him,
And he will fill you to the brim.

5 The more by faith on Christ you live,
The more to him your glory give
The more with Christ your soul is free,
The more to him you'll welcome be.

6 Such is his boundless grace and love,
He'll joy that you his fulness prove ;
So shall your joy in him be full,
Who is your everlasting all.

LXXXIII. *Buy the Truth, and sell it not.*

1 **T**HE worth of truth no tongue can tell ;
'Twill do to buy but not to sell ;
A large estate that soul has got
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are—
More worth than gold and silver coin ;
O ! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O ! happy they who in their youth,
Are bro't to know and love the truth ;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girtle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair ;
And never let it once be told,
The truth by us was ever sold.

LXXXIV. *The Happy Man.*

1 **H**APPY the man whose will is bow'd
And spirit duly aw'd—
Who is resign'd in heart and mind,
Unto the will of God.

2 Happy the man that humble is,
And doth not one disdain,
That ne'er envies nor doth despise
None of his fellow men.

3. Happy the man that wears Christ's yoke,
 And has a lowly mind;
 Who is not easily provok'd,
 Great peace then he shall find.

4. Happy the man that is not mov'd,
 With all the ups and downs
 Of this vain world, but lives above
 It's flatteries and frowns.

5. Happy the man that's wing'd with faith,
 Whose heart is fir'd with love—
 Who ran and fled to take the prize,
 That is laid up above.

LXXXV. *The name of Christ most sweet*

1. THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
 Where grace and truth doth always meet,
 Where right'ousness doth peace embrace,
 And opens wide a store of grace.

2. A meeting place it is indeed,
 Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
 And opens wide a gracious store,
 Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3. Hark! don't you hear the heav'ly call,
 It soundeth loud, it is to all—
 To high and low, to bond and free,
 That none may say, " 'tis not for me."

4. "Ho ev'ry one that thirsts (he cries)
 "Here's wine and milk, and large supplies;
 "Come now to me and drink your fill,
 "'Tis free for whosoever will.

5. "Come now receive; I ask no pay,
 "But freely give it all away.
 "To all that do my word believe,
 "And freely now my grace receive."

LXXXVI. *God blessed for all things*

1. BLESSED be God for all,
 For all things here below;
 For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall,
 To my advantage grow.

2. Blessed be God for shame,
 For slander and disgrace,
 Welcome reproach for Jesus' name—
 Like flint, Lord set my face.

3. Blessed be God for loss,
 For lots of earthly things;
 For ev'ry scourge and ev'ry cross
 Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,
 For want of health and food,
 I live by faith and scorn to faint,
 For all things work for good.

5 Blessed be God for pain,
 Which tares my flesh like thorns ;
 It crucifies my carnal mind,
 To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,
 Which he hath overcome ;
 My soul in full assurance shouteth,
 Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears
 Of sin and death and hell ;
 When Christ who is my life appears,
 In Glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends.
 Blessed be God for foes ;
 Blessed be God whose gracious ends,
 No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,
 Blessed be God for death,
 Blessed be God for joy and grief ;
 I welcome all thro' faith.

LXXXVII. *Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour.*

1 I AM that I am,
 I faith Christ the dear Lamb ;
 What think ye, O sinners,
 of this wondrous name ?

2 If now you enquire,
 with earnest desire,
 And say, O to know him
 our hearts are on fire—
 My master replies,
 I Am will suffice
 Thy wants, O poor sinner,
 who unto him flies ;

3 I am to the blind
 the light of their mind ;
 And feet to the cripple,
 and strength shall they find.

4 If sin is thy grief,
 I am thy relief ;
 A Saviour I am,
 to poor sinners the chief.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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6 O sinners, give ear,
what fullness is here ?
O ! who would not come
to a Saviour so dear ?

7 He saw from his throne,
poor sinners undone ;
And their lives to ransom,
he gave up his own.

8 He came from above
the cause to remove ;
And yet shall we slight
such unspeakable love ?

9 If we like the Jews,
his kindness refuse,
'Tis plain that destruction
we wilfully chuse.

10 But O ye oppres'd,
whom sin hath distres'd.
Come, come unto Jesus,
and you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,
"such sinner am I"
"I dare not, I dare not
"to Jesus draw nigh."

12 Christ answers again,
"thy doubting refrain,
"Come, come unto me
"and I'll purge ev'ry stain.

13 " Whate'er is thy case,
" come now and embrace
" My purchas'd salvation,
" and thou shalt have peace."

LXXXVIII. *The Wandering Pilgrim.*

1 Wandering pilgrims, mourning christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd ;
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come the sweet provision table.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.

If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days ;
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love ;
Lay hard by Bethel'day waiting,
Till the troubled waters move ;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

4. If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief ;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your want shall be supply'd,
Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5. Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send a heav'ly comfort,
To convey you to his home ;
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, oh ! come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

LXXXIX. *The Heavenly Courtiers.*

1. LET Christ the glorious lover,
Have everlasting praise ;
He comes for to discover
The riches of his grace—
He comes to wretched sinners,
To woo himself a bride ;
Resolving for to win her
And will not be deny'd.

2. Unwilling she discovers
Herself for to deny,
To cast away her pleasures
And lay her honours by—
To part with ev'ry notion
That puffs her up with pride,
And take him for her portion,
And be his loving bride.

3. He calls aloud unto her,
" Pursue your way no more ;"

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

She thinks it will undoe her,
To part with all her store ;
She willingly refuses
To yield unto his will,
And in her heart she chooses
Her former lovers still.

4 She bolts the door upon him,
And bids the Lord depart ;
She will not serve his honor,
Nor let him have her heart ;
Yet Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door,
But cries, " oh wretched creature !
" Reject my grace no more.

5 " Behold my matchless fulness !
" Arise and let me in ;
" How can you be so cruel
" To bar your heart with sin ?
" If calls and invitation
" Will not excite your love,
" Prepare for condemnation,
" For I will not remove."

6 He then displays his pow'r,
By an almighty word ;
He threatens to devour,
And shews a flaming sword ;
She now begins to tremble
At what she sees and hears ;
And fain she would be humble,
And wash her crimes with tears.

7 She does not yet discover
The filth of her inside ;
She thinks the Lord will love her,
And take her for his bride :
But like refiner's fire,
He searches ev'ry part ;
Conviction rises higher,
She feels a troubled heart.

8 She now begins to languish,
And nooe can her relieve,
Her heart is full of anguish,
To find she can't believe :
Her hopes are now departed,
And left her full of woe,
With all the broken hearted,
She cries what shall I do ?

9 But Jesus has compassion,
Still moving in his breast,

Intends to give salvation.
 Unto the souls distress'd ;
 One glimpse of love and pow'r,
 Makes her forgot her pain,
 She cries, oh ! happy hour,
 Is this the lovely lamb ?

10 Is he whom I rejected,
 Stoop'd down to me so low ;
 Goodness, but unexpected ;
 It hardly can be true ;
 And still she cries more fervent,
 Lord, don't thy mercy hide,
 May I become a servant,
 And fit to be a bride.

11 The marriage is made ready,
 The parties are agreed,
 The holy son of David,
 And Adam's wretched seed ;
 The sinner is stirr'd,
 With raiment clean and white,
 His sins are freely pardon'd,
 And she's her Lord's delights.

12 They eat and drink together,
 and mut'ally embrace ;
 Both Saints and Angels wonder
 At the surprising grace ;
 This Union shall continue,
 Forevermore the same,
 And nothing part asunder,
 The Christian and the Lamb.

XCV. *The Slow Traveller.*

1 O ! happy foal how fast you go,
 And leave me here behind ;
 Don't stop for me, for now I see
 The Lord is just and kind...

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
 And I'll come after you ;
 Tho' I'm behind, yet I can find,
 I'll sing hosanna too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,
 And keep your feet steps right ;
 Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,
 You are not out of sight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,
 And all their glories see ;
 When you get home your work is done,
 Then look you out for me.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

5 For I will come fast as I can,
Along the way I'll steer :
Lord give me strength, I shall at length,
Be one amongst you these.

6 There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing ;
Together we shall praise our God
And everlasting King.

XCI. *An Invitation to Sinners.*

1 COME to the glorious gospel-feast,
Ho-ev'ry one that will !
O come ye starving souls, and taste
Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise ye mortals that are sad,
And bord'ring on despair,
Lo there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician there.

3. Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore ;
It was for wounded souls he dy'd,
The sin-sick to restore.

4. Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide
For sinners, such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour dy'd.

5 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell,
That rebels doom'd to endle's death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6 Come then, receive his grace, and tell
The wonders of his love ;
Till we arise with him to dwell
In the bright worlds above.

7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,
Or wound your peaceful breast ;
But boundless love, unmingle joy,
And everlasting rest.

XCII. *Farewell to all but Christ.*

1 FAREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glories I despise ;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

XCIII. *A Morning Song.*

1 **L**ORD, in the morning I will send
My crys to reach thine ear ;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day.
Near thee in perfect peace ;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide ;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away ;
Till ev'ning shades and setting suns
Conclude in endless day.

XCIV. *A Crum for Pilgrims.*

1 **G**o on ye Pilgrims while below,
In the sure paths of peace :
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your Leader, follow him,
He thro' this world has been,
Often revil'd, but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv's,
And love your enemies,
And learn the only way to heav'n,
Thro' self-denial Ne's.

Remember you must watch and pray,
While journ'ing on the road ;
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

Contend for nothing but the fruit,
That feeds the immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your Crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

Then you shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glor'ous band,
To sing redeeming grace.

XCV. Longing for Christ.

1 O COULD I find from day to day,
A earnest to say God ;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor never take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine,
And never, never more depart,
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus 'till my last expiring breath,
By goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

XCVI. The Backslider Returning.

1 O What a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !

1 And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of this earth,
Can do me any good :
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O should I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my woe,
Confess how guilty I have been
To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
And he shall have my heart ;
And earth with all her treach'rous charms,
Forever shall depart.

XCVII. *A Hymn on Baptism, by Anna Beaman of Warrington, Connecticut, composed about the time she was baptised.*

1 **W**HAT think you, my friends of the preaching of John ?
Was it from heaven, or was it of men ?
We hear him declaring glad tidings of peace,
Proclaiming a Jub'lee, a year of release.

2 The Law and the Prophets continu'd till John,
Our Saviour hath told us, when gospel began ;
And since that God's kingdom is preach'd saith the word,
And all men press in who have faith in the Lord.

3 The first of the gospel, the dawn of the day,
The voice of one crying prepare ye the way ;
Bring forth your repentance, ye viperous breed,
And think not to say ye are Abraham's seed.

4 A new dispensation to them he declares,
And preaches repentance to Abraham's heirs,
The children of Abraham's natural seed,
Found they had no right his baptism to plead.

5 But when he perceived repentance was their's
Then he gave baptism to Abraham's heirs ;
Those who had been sealed to covenant things,
We find him baptising confessing their sins.

6 He tells them their Saviour is already here,
And while he's baptising our Lord doth appear
For to be baptis'd John shrinks at the thing,
And owns he has need to receive it from him.

7 But when he informed it was his request,
He freely baptised him as he did the rest

12 ~~stitution was own'd from above ;~~
~~God was sent down like a dove.~~

13 Sweet example is left on record,
Step in they will find a reward ;
Find peace of conscience and joy in the same,
They are baptised in Jesus' own name.

14 Much we find was in haste to receive
Baptism, when he did believe ;
On his way rejoicing in God,
Knew that rebel must be tasting his rod.

15 Friends of Cornelius who heard Peter's word,
And received the seal of the Lord,
Only Ghost fell, then their joys did arise,
And Peter commands that they should be baptis'd.

16 Saint Paul's great conversion he found in the way,
The light which shone round him exceeded the day ;
Then he was three days, neither drank nor did eat,
Yet he was baptised before he took meat.

17 We read that where thousands believ'd in a day,
That they were baptised without a delay ;
The house of the jailer believ'd in the night,
And they were baptised before it was light.

18 Forbear then to censure my being in haste,
Or shew me an instance where it was the-ease,
That primitive christians deferred the thing,
I answer my conscience to Jesus my King.

19 I'll tell you how gospel appears unto me,
And pray to kind heaven that you all may see ;
But the wise and the prudent ?tis hid from their eyes,
While the babes of the kingdom rejoice in the prize.

20 Some call it baptism and think it will stand,
A few drops of water dropt from a man's hand,
In th' face of the infant, who's under the curse
But we find no scripture which proves it to us.

21 For there's no being bury'd with Christ in this case,
For Jordon or Enon was John's chosen place :
Our Lord in a fountain, John did him baptise,
And Christ's sweet example we honor and prize.

XCVIII. *The Complainant Reformed.*

1 **I** SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his spirit and his word;
And wish'd to take his place;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be saved by grace.

2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning's small ;
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud and one too low,
The others had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
And some did talk too long ;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak, and some so swift
That all of them were wrong.

4 I tho't they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where e'er they come.
And tell us of their joys ;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,
And no true friends for to be had—
My rulers too were vile :
At length I was bro't for to see,
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
(Being conscious too I was to blame,)
Did wound my fright'ned soul ;
I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole.

7 But there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician to be had,
A balsom too most free ;
Only believe on God's dear Son,
Thro' him the victory is won,
Christ Jesus dy'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea,
What ! to expire for such as me ?
Yes 'tis a truth divine ;
My heart did melt, my soul o'er run
With love, to see what God hath done—
For souls, as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ, my King ;
I know no sect, christians are one,
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 10 Glory to him who gave his Son,
To die for crimes which we had done,
And made salvation mine ;
For as we'd sold ourselves for nought;
So without money we are bought,
A blessed truth divine.
- 11 Come saints, rejoice in Christ your King,
His solemn praises sweetly sing,
And tell the world his love ;
Sinners invite for to receive
Of God's free grace, and not to grieve
The holy, sacred Dove.
- 12 All those who do an int'reft gain,
In th' blessed Lamb, that once was slain,
Will surely happy be ;
Their loud hosannas they shall raise,
A monument of God's high praise,
To all eternity.

XCIX. *The believer's baptism discovered from the Ark.*

- 2 D EAR Christian friends, come we will go
And search the ark with care ;
A type of Baptism you know,
We'll search for infants there.
- 3 This figure signifies the whole,
There's just so many here.
As did come in at Noah's call—
As did the deluge fear.
- 4 Here's Noah's sons, and his son's wives—
But if they'd infant feed,
They in the deluge lost their lives,
Eight souls were sav'd we read.
- 5 As they are cover'd in the ark,
It signifies the same,
As being busy'd in the Lord,
Where water covers them.
- 6 This man's a type of Jesus Christ,
His ark of gospel grace,
And those who made the happy choice,
Found safety in the place.
- 7 They turn'd their backs on worldly things,
And here their safety feel ;
So Gentiles should forsake their sins,
And then receive the seal.
- 7 Thus we have search'd the ark around,
And find no infants there ;
Gia

If there are any to be found,
We wish to ask you where.

8 We wish in this you'd help our minds;
We can no farther go,
We dare not add to sacred lines,
For there's a dreadful woe.

9 Our children's wants we mean to plead,
Their need of grace we feel,
But dare not call them Abraham's seed,
Nor seal them with his seal.

10 The seal of promise can't be their's;
While bound beneath the curse,
Gentiles can ne'er be Abraham's heirs,
'Till they in Jesus trust.

11 Read the commission of our Lord,
To his disciples giv'n;
A sweet and solemn binding word,
Just as he went to heav'n.

12 Go forth, my friends, all nations teach,
When taught you may baptise,
Observe my words where'er you go,
Nothing of mine despise.

13 Dear teachers all I pray attend,
And mark his promise here;
He will be with you to the end,
If you attend with fear.

14 But if you turn his word around,
Baptise before you teach,
His blessed cause I fear you'll wound;
Take heed I do beseech.

15 Take not the name of God in vain,
On those without the ark,
Christ Jesus knows his own by name,
By an eternal mark.

16 These sealing marks pray don't convey,
Nor mark your goats for sheep;
But look to Jesus, he's the way,
His precepts always keep.

C. *On Israel's Fall.*

1 **D**OES it not grieve and wonder move,
To think of Israel's dreadful fall,
Who needed miracles to prove,
Whether the Lord was God or Baal?

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,

1. In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

2. Oh God ! if I thy servant am,
If 'tis my message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And shew this people who thou art.

3. He spake, and lo ! a sudden flame,
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone !
The people struck, at once proclaim,
" The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

4. Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear ;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Isr'el hear.

5. Lord, if thy servant speaks the truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee,
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy salvation see.

6. Now may the spirit's holy fire,
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
Consume each hurtful, vain desire,
And make them know thou art the Lord.

CL. *The Coronation of Christ.*

1. ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall !
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call,
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Isr'el's race,
A remnant weak and small :
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Babes, men and firs, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the host above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,

For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stir up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us 'that' oft he has try'd
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us most,
Nor fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shooting, the Lord will provide.

CIV. *The extraction of the Cross* — Job 2. 12. 21.

1 **W**ONDER-amazing sight I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weeping in his blood.

2 Behold the purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide runs out the fountains—
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling ear h. the dark'ned sky,
Proclaim the traitor's blood,
And with it's am'g's Centurion cry,
" This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well our hearts,
If God's own Son
The fitter fare in.

5 These covers of
Now me, Lord,
My heart, is the
Never be.

6 These promises, —

7 These promises, —

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CII. *The Preacher's Farewell.*

1 BRETHREN I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell,
That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labour shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call,
All you that hear me now,
I have declar'd God's counsels all,
As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord,
And may we all, henceforth appear,
To be of one accord.

5 And if we never meet again,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Cana'n's shore,
And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in his holy ways,
So brethren fare you well.

CIII. *The Christian's Warrant.*

1 THO' troubles affil and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our head ;
His saints, what it fitting shall ne'er be deny'd.
So long as it's written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
Tho' satan urges the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old ;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold.

For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro',
Nor fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

CIV. The attraction of the Cross.—John xii. 32.

1 **W**ONDER—amazing sight ! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weeping in his blood.

2 Behold the purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head !
The crimson tide puts out the sun—
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the dark'ned sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amaz'd Centur'an cry,
" This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive ;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee,
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine;
Thine it shall ever be.

CV. Precious Promises,—2 Peter, iii. 4.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord ?
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ?
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth;
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea;
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength e'er cease.

3 Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I, I am thy God and will give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, & cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The river of woe shall not thee o'erflow,
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

CVI. Preaching with God under affliction.

1 **W**HY should a living man complain
 Of deep distress within;
 Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain,
 Is but the fruit of sin.

2 Now Lord, I'll patiently submit,
 Nor never dare rebel;
 Yet sure I may here at thy feet,
 My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou' seeft what floods of sorrow rise,
 And beat upon my soul;
 One trouble to another cries,
 Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope and hope to fear,
 My shipwreck'd soul is toss'd,
 'Till I am tempted in despair,
 To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds, I'll look,
 Once more to thee, my God;
 O fix my soul upon a rock,
 Beyond the raging flood.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

8

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Would set my heart at ease,
One all creating word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

CVII. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1 HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guide, them safely by his word
to endless day.

2 Hail all victor'ous conq'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And bro't salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
in endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
in endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word
And sail by faith upon that flood,
to endless day.

5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,
'Till we arrive at Cana'n's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We shout our trials there all o'er
to endless day.

6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
in endless day.

CVIII. *A word of comfort to the lambs of Christ.*

1 BLESS'D be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful sound ;
That I was born to be baptis'd,
Where gospel truth abound.

2 Bless'd be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear,

1 I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
Not earth nor hell I fear.

2 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

3 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glo'rous throne,
That I with him may reign.

4 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

CIX. *Soul thirsting for Heaven.*

STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry ;
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my Redeemer and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home ;
O ! when shall my spirit be there ;
O ! when will the messenger come,

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain ;
And then in the grave to lay down,
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me the rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away ;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above ;
A heaven of seeing thy face—
A heaven of feeling thy love.

CX. *A Parting Hymn.*

2 **L**ORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Send it down Lord from above,
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love ;
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters
'Till we all shall meet above.

1 Pardon Lord now all our follies,
While together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin,
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

2 May thy presence; Lord go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one;
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet at home.

CXI. *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise?
Whose Glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus? sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star,
He shed the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus? just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning star bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus that dear friend,
On whom my hopes for heav'n depend?
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus? yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear of hell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obed'ence to his laws.

CXII. *Baptism, believers only have a right to it.*

1 WHEN John tho' a man, baptising began,
Believers in Jordon confessing their sins.

2 The Pharisees came, in Abramham's name,
For to be baptised, and laid in their claims.

8 You vipers said he, who warn'd you to flee,
Bring forth your repentance that fruits we may see.

4 And think not indeed you are Abraham's seed,
And so for baptism, a right for to plead.

5 By this we may see, baptism to be,
For none but believers a privilege free.

6 Christ Jesus by name, from Galilee came,
For to be baptised, and was not ashamed.

7 John to him did say, why com'st thou to me,
For I have need to be baptised of thee.

8 O suffer it so, for't b'comes us to shew,
All right'ous obed'ence wherever we go.

9 The right was perform'd and Jesus return'd
The blessing of th' Father came down on the Son.

10 The Spirit of God, descends like a dove
And lights on our Saviour in tokens of love.

11 By this we may see, the whole trinity,
Unto our baptism, do jointly agree.

12 We'll not be ashamed of Jesus Christ's name
He's precious unto us tho' sinners blaspheme.

13 We'll follow the Lord in his holy word,
Obed'ence unto him great comforts afford.

14 We'll follow him down to th' waters we're bound;
O sinners see what an example we've found.

15 Farewell to my friends, farewell to my foes,
Farewell to this vain world wherein sorrow grows.

CXIII. Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS.

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
Who dy'd on Calvery ;
The Lamb was slain, from heav'n he came,
To bleed and die for me.
The Lamb was slain yet lives again
To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glor'ous suff'rer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

CXIV. *The Brethren's Farewell.*

B RETHREN farewell, I do you tell,
That you and I must part ;
I go away, but here you stay,
But still we join in heart.

7 Your love to me has run most free,
Your conversation sweet ;
How could I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet.

8 But still I find my heart's inclin'd,
To do my work below ;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall,
Be ready for to go.

4 I leave you all both great and small,
In Christ's incircled arms ;
Who will you save from death and th' grave,
And shield you from all harms.

5 I trust you'll pray both night and day,
(And keep your garments white,)
For you and me that we may be
The children of the light.

6 If you go first, amen you must,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

7 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me ;
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.

8 I long to go, so farewell woe,
My soul shall be at rest ;
No more shall I complain nor sigh,
But be forever blest.

9 O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell ;
And serve the Lord with one accord,
So brethren all farewell.

CXV. *The Youth's Resolution.*

1 WHILE I am blest with youthful bloom,
I will adore the sacred Lamb,
Who bled and dy'd for me ;
If God inspires my heart with grace,
And lets me see his shining face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,
And seek those far superior joys,
That do in Jesus dwell ;
If Jesus be my God and King,
Immortal triumphs I will sing,
O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
And all those flatt'ring charms deny,
If Jesus stands my friend ;
Not long I have this storm to stand,
Of this ensouaring, barren land ;
My conflict soon will end.

4 Jesus my friend, my cause will plead,
Conduct my steps, supply my need,
And never let me fall :
Jesus, will all my foes destroy—
Will be my life, my strength, my joy ;
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
To sound abroad his heav'ly praise,
And tell the world his love ;
And when I quit this mortal stage,
I shall in sacred strains engage.
Among the saints above.

6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
On that immortal shore ;
Jesus my love shall be my joy,
His praises be my sweet employ,
And part from him no more.

CXVI. *Unity.*

1 LET strife forever cease,
And envy quit the field,
Come join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain ;

Let ev'ry member, ev'ry hoar,
Submit to Jesus' reign.

2 One Lord we have to fear,
One faith we all confess ;
To the same baptism adhear,
And magnify free graco.

3 Then why should we contend,
For meat and drink and dress,
And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh.

4 When bitter words arise,
Then satan has his ends ;
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.

5 No more we'll feel the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise ;
But search with care to find the beam
That lurks within our eyes.

6 Unto the world we prove,
That we disciples are ;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

7 Then we will live like those,
Who now agree in love ;
And when our eyes by death shall close,
We'll join with them above.

CXVII. Admonition to Christian Duties.

1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm ;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
'Rise, believe and be baptis'd.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due ;
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross ;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.

5 Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere ;

When the storms prevent your roan,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching always pray ;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

CXVIII. *Northern Lights.*

- 1 Behold him streaming from the north,
Nations behold afar ;
Look to the skies with a surprize,
He flashes thro' the air.
- 2 What can we think by what we see,
But that our God will come,
Both in one day without delay,
And take his chosen home.
- 3 The streams of light stream in the night,
Speaks forth the day will come,
When Christ our King his troops will bring,
And raise the dusky tomb.
- 4 Gabri'l the man who then shall stand,
One foot upon the shore—
One on the sea and swear there'll be
A pardoning time no more.
- 5 The rattling thunder all prepar'd,
Will burst the magazines ;
And bolting forth from south to north,
With forked lightning streams.
- 6 The sun gives up and flops his course
Of which he us'd to run ;
His daily journey round the globe,
Is finished and done.
- 7 The moon no more shall wax or wane,
Nor give her borrow'd light ;
Nor wait upon the sons of men,
To give them light by night.
- 8 The stars that shine forth in the night,
Shall hear their awful call ;
And quit their shining seats of light,
And down to earth they fall.
- 9 The solid world begins to flame,
The trumpet begins to sound ;
And calls the dead out of their graves,
From underneath the ground.
- 10 Ye sleeping dust come forth you must
To meet your God and King ;

1 Sinners to cry eternally,
And all the saints to sing.

21 Then all those souls who disbelieve ;
Shall then begin their call ;
That God hath come of whom we've heard,
Ye mountains on us fall.

22 Hide us from him that comes a King ;
His troops they are reveal'd ;
We're seiz'd with fear while we do hear,
His rumbling char'ot wheels.

23 The thunders play upon that day,
With all its horrid sound ;
The Lamb once slain will come again,
And roll his judgments on.

24 The mountains melt, the sea retires,
Convulsions seize the world ;
Hideous cracks do rend the rocks,
And thro' the air are hurl'd.

25 Ye saints that sigh look to the sky,
Behold your King appears :
The son of man with his soft hand,
Shall wipe away your tears.

26 Then all the saints will rise at once,
To meet him in the air ;
Singing they rise above the skies,
And make them triumph there.

27 Then all in ranks they give him thanks,
And lift his name on high,
And sing they will and ne'er be still,
To long eternity.

CXIX. *The Sinner's Reflection.*

1 A H Lord ! ah Lord what have I done ?
What will become of me ?
What shall I say, what shall I do,
Or whither shall I flee ?

2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,
And here I make my moan :
O whither, whither have I stray'd !
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

3 The candle searches all my rooms,
And now I plainly see,
The num'rous sins of earth and hell
Are summed up in me.

4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,
Are in my garden sown,
And multitudes of them are sprung :
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

5 I have been Satan's willing slave,
And his most easy prey :
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey :

6 Or, if at times he left my soul,
Yet still his work went on :
I was a tempter to myself ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

7 I putt at all the threats of heav'n,
And slighted all its charms ;
Nor Satan's fetters would I leave
For Christ's inviting arms.

8 I had a soul but priz'd it not,
And now my soul is gone ;
My forced cries do pierce the skies ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

CXX. *The Pilgrims' mutual Conference.*

1 **H**AIL ! happy pilgrims, whence came ye,
And whither are ye bound ?
Who from the land of Egypt flee,
'Tis Cana'n we have found.

2 How came ye first to walk this way ?
Were you alarm'd with fear ?
A school-master appear'd one day,
With countenance severe :

3 His presence struck our hearts with awe,
His eyes appear'd like flame ;
I am, said he, the holy law,
And from Mount Sinai came.

4 Then lo, our sentence he declar'd
Was everlasting death :
For till his precepts were prepar'd,
We were expos'd to wrath.

5 At last a messenger of peace,
Evangelist by name,
Appear'd and gave us sweet release,
From that devouring flame.

6 He pointed out the Lamb of God,
In that distressing day,
And said behold his precious blood,
That takes your guilt away.

7 Thus were we from our bondage freed,
And set at liberty ;
Come then, dear brethren, well agreed,
For thus redeem'd were we.

8 Come then, together let us walk,
Together let us sing ;

Be this the subject of our talk,
To praise the Lamb our King.

CXXI. *The sinner's shame and confusion.*

1 **S**o foolish, so absurd am I
That nothing can be more ;
Was ever such a monster seen
Upon the earth before ?

2 I dare not look upon the earth,
The witness of my sin ;
My conscience is a doom's day book,
I dare not look within.

3 Upward I durst not cast my eyes,
For there my Judge doth sit :
Nor downwards whence the smoke does rise,
From the infernal pit.

4 How shall I answer at the bar
Of him who is most pure ?
I cannot answer for myself,
Myself I can't endure.

5 And as myself I can't endure,
Myself I cannot fly ;
Thus fools do sell themselves for slaves,
And what a slave am I ?

6 My heart the seat of folly is,
My life a life of sin ;
Surely I am more brutish far
Than ever brute hath been.

7 Is this my wit ? Is this my way
To make a glorious name ?
And these the thanks I've paid to heav'n ?
Ah ! what a beast I am.

8 The crown is fallen from my head,
My royal robes are gone ;
Confusion is my only cloak,
And I must put it on.

9 And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
Here will I sit alone ;
And here I'll lead the leaper's life,
And make my doleful moan.

10 I am not worthy of the earth,
Nor worthy of the air,
Nor worthy of the wat'ry drop,
But of the damned's fare.

11 O ! how it kills my heart to think
Upon my foolish ways ;
Yet this I'll bear and bless the Lord,
Because damnation stays.

DIVINE HYMNS, OR

CXXII. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1 COME sinners to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd" why will you say ?
From health, and life, and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus giv'n,
From pardon, holiness and heav'n.

3 Come then ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'lers after rest ;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sap with him and be with you ;
Come to the feast be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay ;
This is the glorious gospel day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour and my God,
I hear his joyful voice.

I need not go abroad for joys,
Who have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessed dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heav'nly feast.

This makes me Abba father cry,
With confidence of soul ;
makes me cry my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone,

6 The streams do water paradise,
It makes the angels sing :
One cord' al drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap : But O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last :
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy ;
Who gives me here a taste.

CXXIV. Christians rejoicing in the hope and glory of God.

1 **L**O ! we are journ'ing home to God,
Bid by the spirit come ;
And in the way his children trad,
We seek our father's home.

2 We walk a narrow path and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak ;
Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In these blest'd courts we seek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,
Stor'd with eternal bliss ;
We know, we quickly shall be there,
In sight our city is.

4 Upon Mount Zion's distant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold ;
'Tis Jesus, look ye children up,
He calls us to his fold.

5 We see him with his raiment red,
As tho' besmear'd with blood,
As newly slain he stands ; he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

6 About him glad with snowy vefts,
 Appear a countleſs throng :
 There are his ſaints, his kings; his priests,
 Who ſing th' eternal ſong.

7 How bleſt, how more than happy theſe,
 Who thus their Lord attend ;
 We, brethren, in their hoſts shall praife,
 We loon shall there aſcend.

CXXV. *A brief deſcription of the Children of God,*
in a Dialogue.

1 **W**HAT poor deſpiled company
 Of travellers are theſe,
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along that rugged mazœ ?

2 Ab theſe are of a royal line,
 All children of a King ;
 Heirs of immortall crowns divine,
 And lo ! for joy they ſing.

3 Why do they then appear ſo mean ?
 And why ſo much deſpis'd ?
 Because of their rich robes unſeen,
 The world is not appriz'd.

4 But ſome of them ſeem poor, diſtreſt'd,
 And lacking daily bread :
 Ah ! they're of boundleſs wealth poſſeſt'd,
 With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they that narrow road—
 That rugged thorny mazœ ?
 Why that's the way their Leader trod,
 They love and keep his ways.

6 Why muſt they ſhun the pleaſant path,
 That worldlings love ſo well ?
 Because that is the road to death,
 The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road
 To Salem's happy ground ?
 Christ is the only way to God,
 None other can be found.

CXXVI. *Here I will dwell.*

1 **A**H me, I'm never well but when
 I on my beſt beloved lean,
 And then I'm never ill !
 Croſſes and trials all are right,
 And pain is ſweet and troublous light,
 Come whatſoever will.

2 *Here I could wish my greatest foe,*
Might reſt like me, and happy know

The riches of the Lamb ;
 The streets would then be full of praise,
 Of Jesus' blood, his gracious ways,
 His mercy and his name.

¶ 8 If Jesus will permit me, I
 Will leaning on him live and die,
 And great the blessing count :
 My life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
 My death should also glorious be,
 Like Moses in the Mount.

¶ 9 By sweet experience I'd proclaim
 To the followers of the Lamb,
 Hear me, my friends, I say ;
 For I am happy, I am well :
 Belov'd of God unchangeable,
 And with him night and day.

CXXVII. *Delight of Praise for the Holy Scriptures.*

¶ 1 I BLESS the Lord,
 Who gives his word,
 To rule and guide me right ;
 To hear him say,
 Love and obey,
 Affords supreme delight.

¶ 2 A holy joy,
 Without alloy,
 With sacred transport flows,
 From truth divine,
 I feel it mine,
 To give my soul repose.

¶ 3 With sacred love,
 My passions move,
 I burn with strong desire ;
 With holy aim,
 And inward flame,
 I feel my soul on fire.

¶ 4 By grace refin'd,
 My soul inclin'd,
 Shall consecrate my days
 As due to none
 But God alone,
 And give him all the praise.

CXXVIII. *Longing after Christ.*
 1 C COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
 Dear Lord we faint would be
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up
 To thee, our Shepherd flee.

2 O might I been upon that breast
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shows Canaan's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock to bear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us only pure;
And O ! that nothing else but grace
May rule forevermore.

6 As one in heart let's all rejoice
The sinner's friend to praise;
The Shepherd dy'd—oh ! 'tis his voice;
He'll us to glory raise.

CXXIX. *Meat and Drink indeed.*

1 **T**O-day Immanuel feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood;
To-day Jehovah keeps a feast
For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n,
The food of saints above;
That living bread sent down from heav'n,
The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo ! Christ our shepherd gave his life
To answer all our need;
His body crucify'd is meat,
His blood is drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,
And living bread receive;
Taste the provision of your God,
And freely eat and live.

CXXX. *Another.*

1 **A**RISE, my soul, with wonder see
What love divine for thee hath done;
Behold thy sorrow, sin and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal Son.

See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and grief flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

SPIRITUAL SONGS:

1 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing; so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CXXXI. Remembrance of Christ in the Supper.

2 CHRIST, in that night he was betray'd,
Took bread, gave thanks, it break and said
My broken body here you see,
Take, eat it, and remember me.

3 Thus also he the cup did take,
Here's sealing blood, shed for your sake :
Which doth my test'ment ratify :
Let all drink and remember me.

4 Your pardon, with what's for your good,
Is purchas'd with my dearest blood :
My blood to you makes pardon free ;
In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry souls here's manna rare,
God sends from heaven for your fare :
This manna falls now plentifully ;
In eating then remember me.

5 Here God sits on a throne of grace,
Where sinful men may see his face ;
My blood procures your access free ;
In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life with fruit
And leaves which heal, and strength recruit ;
There I shake down, poor soul to thee :
Eat freely, and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,
A covenanting God at top ;
Climb and God will transact with thee :
In doing this remember me.

8 Here runs of life the river pure,
Which our soul's wounds doth cleanse and cure,
It freely runs to all, you see ;
In drinking then remember me.

CXXXII. Marriage Hymn.

1 LORD, from thy throne of flowing grace,
Thy choicest blessing give ;
And on thy servants cause thy face
To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
Unite their hearts in love ;
May they in all thy holy ways,
To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love
 And friendship ever run
 Thro' all their tho'ts and life to prove,
 Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus, with thy charms,
 And joyfully they'll flee,
 By faith and love into thine arms,
 And thus be one in thee.

5 Adorn their house, adorn their ways,
 With fruit divinely fair :
 So in this world they'll shew thy praise,
 In th' next thy glory share.

CXXXIII. *The Beggar's Prayer.*

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word.
E Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar Lord,
 Waite at thy mercy-door—
 No hand, no heart, dear Lord but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee
 I know thou wouldst disdain ;
 But those which move thy gracious ear
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say
 That tho' I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more !
 Thou knowest from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few ;
 If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before,
 And if thou now befriend
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast reveal'd my pain,
 And often I must come aga'in.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy :

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1

O do not frown and bid me go ;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7- Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to feed a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our tho'ts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend—
Such piess as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

CXXXIV. For the New Year.

1. **H**AIL the new year that's now begun,
Now let us all to God return ;
From sinful ways may we all cease,
And with each other live in peace.

2. While thousands have been call'd away,
Yet still we live to see the day :
With thanks to God then all draw near,
To celebrate the happy year.

3. While some are sick and some confi'd,
Others depriv'd of sense and mind,
We yet retain them bright and clear,
To celebrate the happy year.

4. Then let us all to God repair,
And offer him our praise and pray'r's.
Now unto him may we draw near,
To celebrate the happy year.

5. And now forsake all vice and sin,
And the new year with God begins ;
Then with great joy we shall appear
To celebrate the happy year.

6. Then truly happy such will be,
Who from all sin do always flee :
And unto Christ will now give ear,
Such we do wish a happy year.

7. All then who see their undone state,
Leaving their all for Jesus' sake ;
To such we can with joy sincere,
Wish them a happy, happy year.

8. All those who are now born again,
And in Christ Jesus do remain,

All such as those we need not fear,
They will enjoy a happy year.

9 But true religion still we find,
Gives the most peace unto the mind;
Possessors of it will appear,
To wish us all a happy year.

CXXXV. *Composed on the Death of a Wife.*

1. **H**OW vain are the pleasures of time,
How fond are vain mortals of life,
There's nought of the heav'nly sublime,
There's nought but confusion and strife.

2. My bride, the dear wife of my youth,
Lies panting and gasping for breath,
More pleas'd with the beauties of truth
And bless'd in th' embraces of death.

3. Her struggles are long and severe,
While struggling and coughing she smiles,
Sa'ing, Jesus has made me his care,
I soon shall forget all my toils.

3. She calls for the chariot of Christ,
How slowly it moves on the way,
How long, may Lord Jesus she cries,
How long have I here for to stay?

5. Yet Jesus is faithful to me,
He pities the pain I now feel;
I shall not outstay his decree,
He gives me his love as a seal.

6. Farewell my dear husband, saith she,
Now from your kind bosom I leap,
With Jesus my bridegroom to be,
My flesh in the tomb for to sleep.

7. And thus she continued to cry
For patience to wait for the word,
'Till from us she lesp'd and did fly,
Forever to dwell with the Lord.

8. Now like a disconsolate dove,
I'm left all alone for to mourn:
O may the kind powers above
Shew pity to me while alone.

I look thro' the rooms of my house,
Each door on its hinges doth mourn,
While searching I find not my spouse,
Nor will she to me e'er return.

10. How lonesome my table to me,
How empty the place where she sat,

What lonely devotion I pay,
Where once we so sweetly did meet.

22 And still for to heighten my grief,
My sons a kind mother have lost,
They can't go to her for relief,
O may they in God put their trust.

23 And shall I indulge my complaint,
And tell you how lonely my bed ;
And try all my feelings to paint
And fix to each note a dark shade ?

24 There's none that can leavo my complaint,
Unless it is stamp'd on their heart ;
Not all that gay beatheens can paint
Can tell how true-lovers do part.

25 But those who have lost their best part,
Torn from them, still leaving the sound,
May guess how I feel at my heart,
And notes of this kind they can sound.

26 My passions will lead me too far ;
My grief I will leave with the Lord ;
I trust I shall shortly go where
Vain passion can't lead from his word.

27 My lyric I now will conclude,
And pleas'd with the th'o's of release
From troubles that me do surround,
To dwell in the regions of peace.

28 While I think of concluding my song,
Methinks she bends downward her wings
And whispers you're not to stay long,
You'll shortly come home to our King.

29 She now views more wonder at once,
Than ages on earth can relate,
From nation to nation she runs,
Then mounts to the heavenly seat.

30 There waiting for further commands,
At length she's directed to fly
To further inhabited lands,
New glories and wonders to spy.

31 And while she their beauties behold,
She having her lyre well strung,
Mounts up in a chariot of gold,
And strikes an eternal new song.

32 How long, my dear Jesus, how long,
Ere I shall come home to my King,
And join that eternal new song,
And with my kind Father to sing ?

22 It is but a moment or two
 I have in this world for to stay,
 Before I shall leap and must go
 To sing in the regions of day.

23 With patience I'll wait for the morn,
 Nor think the dark moments are long,
 Until my Lord Jesus return,
 Then join the angelical song.

CXXXVI. *On the great duty of Prayer.*

1 **W**HAT vari'ous hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy seat ;
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
 Pray'r makes the christian armour bright !
 And satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moles Hood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Isr'el's side ;
 But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amaleck prevail'd.

5 Have you no words ! Ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow creatures' ears
 With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath, thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful songs would often be,
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.

CXXXVII. *The Work of a Minister.*

1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
 Thy ministers their tribute bring ;
 Their tribute of united praise,
 For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
 And publish loud thy healing word—
 While angels sound thy glorious name,
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme,
 And while we feel thy heav'ly love,
 We burn like seraphims above.

or seraphs there can ever raise,
With us an equal song of praise—
They are the noblest work of God,
At we the purchase of his blood.

Ill in thy work would we abound,
To prune the vine or plow the ground;
By sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

You art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
My praise shall be our best employ,
My presence our eternal joy.

CXXXVIII. *Christ's Crucifixion.*

Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine press treads alone,
Cears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan—
All the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

It is the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan
Hills to raise us from our fall,
To transform sinful man—
Tell may Sol withdraw his light,
With the soft'rer sympathize,
Save the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

My God ! he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
Behim hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart !
That all to thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love him too ;
Look on him, ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who dy'd for you.

Keep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love ;
Long for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above ;
Jesus our head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus-giv'n,
Orship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heav'n.

CXXXIX. *Christ's Ascension.*

ALL the day that sees him rise,
I Ravish'd from our willful eyes.

Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'c ;
There the pompous triumph waits ;
" Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
" Wide unfold the radiant scene,
" Take the King of Glory in !"

2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls the world his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servant, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !
Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Waited on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home ;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.

CXL. *For a person under Temptation.*

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer wa'rs roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee—
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wings.

hou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 aise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 圣 and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness !
 ile and full of sin I am,
 Thou are full of truth and grace.
 enteous grace with thee I found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 et the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 hon of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 ring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

XLI. *The Christian's complaint and prayer for the Impenitent.*

A H woe is me, constrain'd to dwell
 Among the sons of night :
 Nor sinners dropping into hell,
 Who hate the gospel light :
 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
 Who from their Saviour fly ;
 And trample on his pard'ning grace,
 And all his threats defy.

et here alas ! in pain I live,
 Where satan keeps his seat ;
 And day by day, for those I grieve
 Who will to sin submit :
 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
 Their punishment is nigh,
 ask with him who ransom'd me,
 Why will you sin and die ?

esus, Redeemer of mankind ;
 Display thy saving pow'r ;
 thy mercy let those outcasts find,
 To know thy gracious hour.
 th ! give them Lord a longer space ;
 Nor suddenly consume,
 but let them take the proffer'd grace,
 And flee the wrath to come.

Open their eyes and ears to see
 Thy cross, to hear the cries,
 inner thy behaviour weeps for thee,
 For thee he weeps and dies.
 ill the day long he meekly stands,
 His rebels to receive ;

And shew his wounds, and spread his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

CXLII. *The Year of the Jubilee.*

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-stoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Thro'out the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

CXLIII. *Praise for the Hope of Glory.*

1 **I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
Alas how can I sing !
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distr'd in ev'ry string.

2 My musick is a captive's chain ;
Hath sounds my ears do fill ;
How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs,
On this side Zion's hill ?

3 Yet lo ! I hear the joyful sound,
Surely I'll quickly come !
Each word much sweetnes doth distill,
Like a full honey comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?
And dost thou surely quickly come ?
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;
Come, for I loth these Kedear tents !
The fiery chariot send.

6 What have I in this barren land ;
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n
To get a place for me ;
For 'tis his will, that where he is
There should his servants be.

8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext ?
My God who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;
And all my friends in Christ below,
Will soon come after me.

CXLIV. *The Sinner's Fears.*

1 LAS ! for I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn sword he stood ;
Now might he sheathe it in my flesh,
And bathe it in my blood.

2 I've dar'd him with my mighty fists,
As if he was too slow ;
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an enraged foe.

3 What shall a guilty sinner do,
When justice does appear ?
O whither shall I flee from him,
Whose place is ev'ry where ?

4 As I can neither stand nor fly,
So neither can I bear
The mighty hand which grinds the rocks,
And doth foundations tare.

5 My pale, my poor, my trembling soul,
Does start at ev'ry thing ;
It hourly fears huge hosts of wrath
From this incensed King.

6 Should he but his commission grant,
All creatures would engage
Against me as their foe profess'd,
With an united rage.

7 My fears are just, I deserve hell,
And 'tis my proper hire ;
But who can dwell, O who can dwell
With everlasting fire ?

CXLV. *The Unknown World. Composed on the tolling of a Bell.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! my gay friends, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul !
'Tis gone, that's all we know, not where,
Or how th' unbody'd soul doth fare.
- 2 In that mysterious world, none knows
But God alone, to whom it goes ;
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.
- 3 Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown world, we're hast'ning to !
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage !
- 4 Wise heav'n to render search perplex'd,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen !
- 5 We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell ;
But what they mean no tongue can tell ;
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair !
- 6 But what these awful words imply,
None of us know until we die !
Whether we will or no we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.
- 7 This hour perhaps our friend is well,
Death struck the next, he cries farewell,
I die ! and then, for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.
- 8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
Ingulf'd in death, appears no more ;
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds, we know not where.
- 9 Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun,
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !
- 10 And yet who knows if friends we lov'd
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd !
Only this veil of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen.
- 11 Whil'st we their loss lamenting say,
They're out of bearing, far away ;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

12 And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live ;
Tho' conscious, whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know :

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys or pain to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please ;
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;
Why should I wish him to reveal,
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

15 It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive,
And he that makes it all his care,
To serve God here shall see him there !

16 But oh ! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay ?
How sudden the surprise, how new !
Let it my God be happy too.

CXLVI. *On the hardness of the Heart.*

O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take the stubborn stone away ;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

1 The rocks can rent, the earth can quake ;
The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

2 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought) which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need ;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

CXLVII. *The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality.*
Psalm xe.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All powerful, wise, and good, and just,
To every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
 Or form'd the varied face of earth,
 From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight !
 A thousand years, how swift they fly,
 Like one short silent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
 Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
 Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And with true diligence apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
 In sweet proportion to our pains,
 'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 [Let thy almighty work appear,
 With power and evidence divine ;
 And may the bliss thy servants share,
 Continued to their children shine.

8 Thy glorious image fair impress,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
 Beneath thy kind protection blest,
 May all our labours own thy care.]

CXLVIII. *The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.*

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
 In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

5 *Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;*

Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

CXLIX. *The loving kindness of the Lord.*
1sa. lxiii. 7.

1. **A** WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His Loving-kindness O how free!
2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His Loving-kindness O how great!
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His Loving-kindness O how strong!
4. When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His Loving-kindness, O how good!
5. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His Loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His Loving-kindness sing in death !

7. Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His Loving-kindness in the skies.

CL. *The Travellers' Psalm.*

1. **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unharmed,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea, that roars at thy command;
At thy command is still.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fears and deaths, :
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

CLI. *The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.*

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys.
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

CLII. *The Gospel of Christ.*

1 G OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;

'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines;

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds ; to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey thro.'

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

CLIII. *The Gospel worthy of all acceptation—*

1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, the eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphims obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay :

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find ;
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ !

6 " Glory to God who gave his Son,
" To bear our shame and pain !

" Hence peace on earth, and grace to men
" In endless blessings reign."

CLIV. *Support in God's Covenant under trouble.*
a Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
May happiness secure.
- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And when I know not what thou doft,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ,
Of my celestial song.

CLV. *It is finish'd*—John xix. 30.

- 1 'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And wearily bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfil'd, as was designd,
In me, the saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round ;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

CLVI. *The Converted Thief.*—Luke xxiii. 42.

1 **A**s on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd :

3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
" Thou spotless Lamb of God,
" I See thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
" And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of woe—
In triumph thou shalt rise,
" Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
" And shine above the skies.

5, " Amid the glories of that world,
" Dear Saviour, think on me :
" And in the viſt'ries of thy death
" Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
" With me in Paradise."

CLVII. *Pardonning Love.* Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

1 **H**OW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, return ;
Dear Lord, and may I come !
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

CLVIII. *Let the wicked forsake his way, &c.*
Isa. iv. 7.

1 **S**INNERS the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace,
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to Hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell :
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Thro' his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

CLIX. *The Saviour's Invitation, John vii. 37.*

1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain.

(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly ;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

CLX. *As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be,*
Duet. xxxiii. 25.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

CLXI. *The Kingdom of Christ, Phil. iv. 4.*

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore !
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

Rejoice the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.

Life up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

CLXII. *Corner-stone, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16. 17.*

1 **L**ORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies ?

2 We own the work of sovereign love ;
Nor death nor hell these hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defy'd ;
Floods of temptation beat in vain !
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide :

5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

CLXIII. *Our Example, John xiii. 15.*

1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

O how-benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But sh how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

CLXIV. Weak believers encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Laud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, *for me.*

Tarry his leisure then,
Wait the appointed hour ;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stay's himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

CLXV. *Hoping and Longing.*

1 COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice.

Shall one day see our God ;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknewn ;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow ;

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 O when shall we at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess :
When shall we end our legal years,
Our Sorrows, Sins, and doubts and fears,
As howling wilderness !

6 O dearest Joshua, bring us in ;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove :
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,
And O, with all the sanctify'd,
Give us a land of love !

CLXVI. *A prayer for the promised Rest—*
Isa. xxvi. 3.

1 DEAR friend of friendless sinners bear,
And magnify thy grace divine :
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign :

1 A worm by self and sin oppress,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone :
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee :
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee the promis'd rest !

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause ;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone ;
And bend me to obey thy laws ;
In thy dear arms of love carest'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin
With all its wraughtful fury die ;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy :
O may my heart, by thee posses'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

CLXVII. *Resignation, ; or, God our portion.*

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldest take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were posses'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its gore,
'Tis but a bitter sweet !
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickling thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixt with gall,
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

CLXVIII. *The Christian's spiritual Voyage.*

1. JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lolls all asleep :
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
2. Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
3. Tho' rocks and quick sands deep,
Thro' all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outside.
4. By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest,
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
5. Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer lost :
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
6. Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Wash me from all below,
To heaven my destin'd place :
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CLIX. *Prayer answered by Crofes.*

1. I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
2. 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3. I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4. Instead of this, he made me feel,
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5. Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted by gourds, and laid me low.

6. Lord, why is this I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith."

7. " These inward trials I employ,
" From self and pride to set thee free,
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

CLXX. *On opening a place of worship.*

1. **G**REAT God thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

2. These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3. Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4. And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey;
May it before the world appear
That ~~crews~~ were born to glory here.

CLXXI. *Forms vain without Religion.*

1. **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wonderous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2. Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays.

And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undimmed praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fair would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

CLXXXI. *The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad !
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy seat :
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard, and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

CLXXXIII. *A Wedding Hymn.*

1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
O Lord we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted bands,
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowsies best !

Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build the household up.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

LXXIV. *Hymn for Fast day. Gen. xviii. 28, 33.*

WHEN Abr'am, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued :

With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crow'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place,
Ten righteous men were found.

And could a single, holy soul,
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost ?

Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?

Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence blest'd our Land,
Forsake us not, O God.

CLXXV. *Divine Mercies in constant succession.*
Lam. iii. 22, 23.

HOW various and how new,
Are thy compassions Lord !

And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undimmed praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fair would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
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Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad!
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In every place thy children keep.

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Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy seat:
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Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowsies best!

Their substance bleſs, and peace beſtow,
To ſweeten all the reſt.

4. In pureſt love their ſouls unite,
That they, with chriſtian care,
May make doſtomatic burdons light,
By taking mutual ſhare.

5. True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And ſee with joy a godly ſeed
To build the household up.

6. As Iſaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendſhip join'd.

7. On every ſoul assembled here,
O make thy face to ſhine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than riſheliſt food or wine.

CLXXIV. *Hymn for Faſt day. Gen. xviii. 28, 33.*

1. **W**HEN Abe'ram, full of ſacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom ſued :

2. With what ſucceſs, what wondrouſ grace,
Was his petition crownd !
The Lord would ſpare, if in the place,
Ten righteouſ men were found.

3. And could a ſingle, holy ſoul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God, and ſhall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

4. Britain, all guilty as ſhe is,
Her numerouſ saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can thofe prayers be loſt ?

5. Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this ſinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?

6. Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy preſence bleſd our Land,
Forsake us not, O God.

CLXXV. *Divine Mercies in conſtant ſucceſſion.*
Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1. **H**OW various and how new,
Are thy compaſſions Lord !

Each morning shall thy mercy shew,
Each night thy truth record.

2. Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
3. Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
4. But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chang'd our fins away.

5. How new thy mercies then,
How sovereign and how free.
Our souls that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

P A U S E.

6. Now we expect a day,
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

7. There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight :
And every pain, and tear and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless night.

8. Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Son of Righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing,
The wonders of thy grace.

9. Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

10. How various and how new
Are thy compassions Lord,
Eternity thy love shall shew,
And all thy truth record.

CLXXVI. *At the Funeral of a Young person.*

1. WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress

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With awful power,—I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!—
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace imparts,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surpising hour.

CLXXVII: *A prospect of the Resurrection.*

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
Whilst the rich blood of Martyrs stain,
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And lo the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
See the expected day.

5 They rise the dust, and on the wing,
Rise in the midway air.
In shining garments meet their King,
And lo to adore him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

CLXXXVIII. *Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.*

1. **S**EE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and pow'r,
See his resplendent bride
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2. He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3. Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
" Go for this time away ;
I'll hear thee on these points again,
On some convenient day."

4. Attention to the words of life,
Let Felix thus adjourn ?
Lord, let us make these solemn truths,
Our first and last concern.

CLXXXIX. 4. m. *Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.*

1. **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.]

2. The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord :
Na urg. to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3. [Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4. [Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves :
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5. [Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrance in her fields ;
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

6. [Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine !]

7. [Is he the head ? Each member lives
And owns the vital power he gives.]

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1 The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

2 [Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

3 [Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross :
But the true gold sustains no loss,
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

4 [Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]

5 [Is he a way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

6 [Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

7 [Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

8 [Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power ;
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

9 [Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ?
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

10 [Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

11 [O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There he displays his pow'r's abroad,
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God.]

12 [Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.]

CLXXX. c. m. *The Mysteries of Providence, or
Light shining out of darkness.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CLXXXI. c. m. *Mysteries to be explained hereafter,*
John xiii. 7.

- 1 GREAT God of Providence ! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

LXXXII. L. M. *The Candidates—they were baptised both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.*

GREAT God we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey ;
Let saints and angels hail the day !

Great things, O everlasting son,
Great things for us thy grace has done ;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command ;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.

The word, the spirit, and the bride
Must not invite and be deny'd ;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Inter'd in such a liquid grave ?

Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream ;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Sion as our home.

CLXXXIII. C. M. *Penitence and Hope.*

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace ;
Low at thy feet sham'd I fall,
And bide this wretched face.

Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah vile ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares, detain'd, betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.

From Jesus who alone can give
True pleasure, peace and rest :
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores :
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

O while I breath to thee my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye !

Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face ;

And grateful own how kind how sweet !
Thy condescending grace.

CLXXXIV. L. M. *The Prodigal Son for, the Repenting Sinner accepted, Luke xv. 28.*

- 1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;
The deep fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapturous joy posselt
The tender parents throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
To hear him his past follies mourn !

CLXXXV. C. M. *Why weepest thou ? John xx. 13.*

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, why weepest thou ?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies ?
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod ?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee,
And then, I would, O that I might !
A constant weeper be !

CLXXXVI. C. M. *Walking in darkness, and trusting in God, Isaiah l. 10.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breath my sighs,
When will the mournful night be gone ?
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And all thee mine, by every name,
On which thy saints depend !
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace intreat ;

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Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet, tho' my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest, 'till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak Lord, and bid celestial peace,
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and hide my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

CLXXXVII. s. m. Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray ;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavor oft ;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine ;
No arguments have power to move,
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would but cannot rest
In Gods most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe !
Then all would easy be ;
I would but cannot—Lord, believe :
My help must come from thee.

6 But if indeed I would,
Tho' I can nothing do ;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
'Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun ?

And with a will, afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

CLXXXVIII. L. M. *The Administration of Baptism.*

1 " **G**o teach the nations and baptise,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries :
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach their Lord.

2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace :
Refresh their souls with love divine ;
Let beams of glory round them shine.

CLXXXIX. *Reflections on viewing the dead body of a Saint, by the late Rev. George Whitefield.*

1 **A**h lovely appearance of death ;
No sight upon earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay pageants that becathe
Can with a dead body compare.

2 With solemn delight we survey
The corpse, when the spirit has fled ;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

3 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !

4 Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicks with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now ;
No longer a sinner like me.

5 This earth is affected no more
With fickleness, or shaken with pain.
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again..

6 No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shalt reddens this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

7 This languishing head is at rest ;
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more..

8 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

9 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrows forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

10 The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

11 To mourn, and to suffer is mine,
While, bound in a prison, I breathe ;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.

12 What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become !
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be confign'd to the tomb.

CXC. *Religion.*

1 THEE will we praise, eternal King,
Thou God of gods supreme ;
And while with holy awe we sing,
Religion be our theme.

2 *Religion* ! soul reviving sound !
Makes drooping hearts rejoice ;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice ?

3 *Religion* ! who the blessing finds ?
How little is it known !
The glory of immortal minds,
Yet thousands it disown !

4 *Religion* ! oh how oft abus'd,
By ignorance and pride !
Its sweet inviting voice refus'd
And trampled on beside ;

5 *Religion* ! oh the heavenly power
When in the heart it reigns !
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.

6 *Religion* ! 'tis the greatest good
When pure and undefil'd ;
By it poor sinners are to God
Sabdu'd and reconcil'd.

Handsome folio BIBLES, with plates; royal quarto do. ; Oxford and Edinburgh quarto do. with and without Apocrypha; octavo do. ; elegant and common pocket do. ; Edinburgh school do. ; Testaments ; Church Prayer Books, elegant pocket edition ; common do. do. ; Belknap's Psalms and Hymns, (morocco & common bindings;) Watts' do. do.

STATIONARY,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, VIZ.—

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